DES IMAGISTES by Richard Aldington

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"FOR WHAT DO WE FIGHT?"
By Norman Angell
Reviewed by John C. deWilde

"STALIN'S RUSSIA AND THE CRISIS IN SOCIALISM"
By Max Eastman
Reviewed by Eugene Lyons

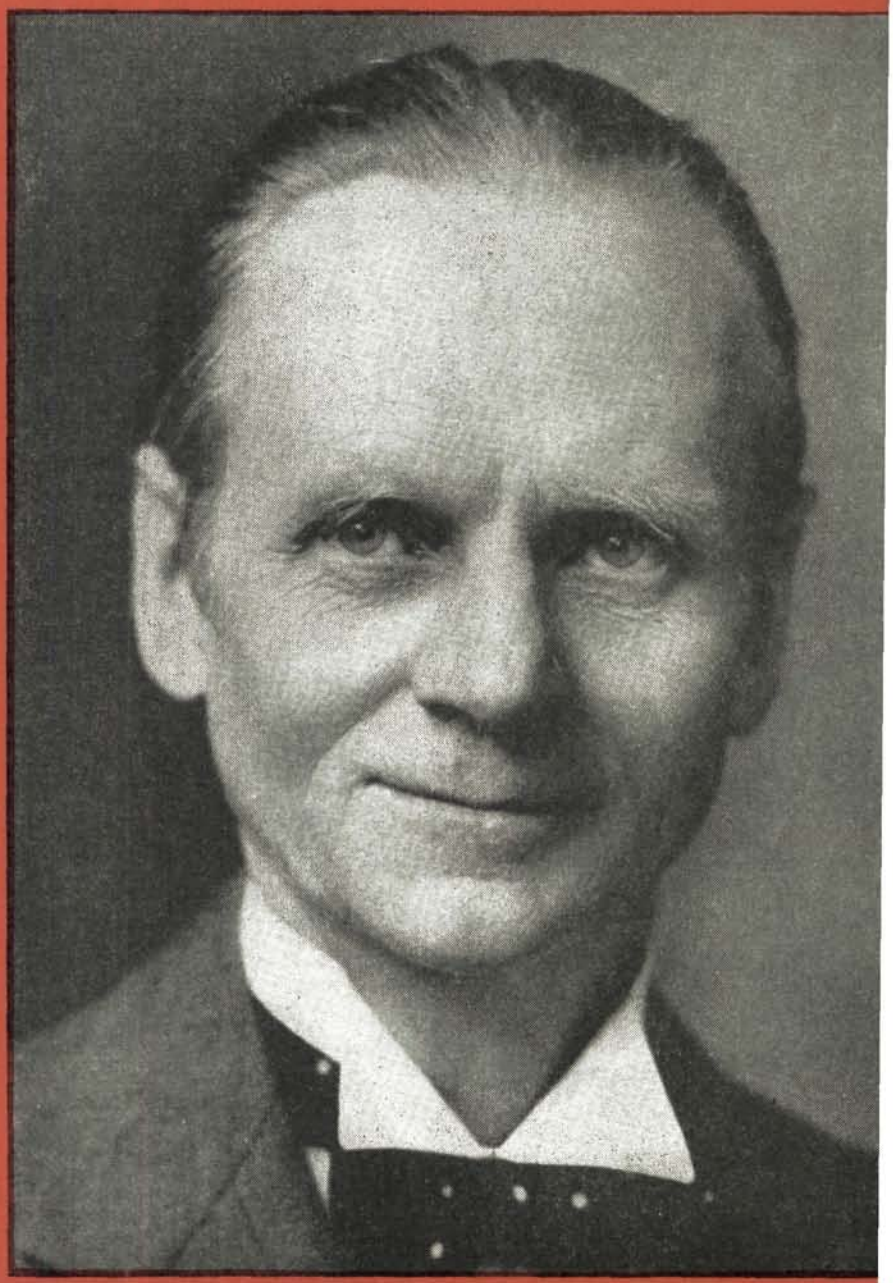
"SWIFT FLOWS THE RIVER"
By Nard Jones
Reviewed by George R. Stewart

"CHIP OFF MY SHOULDER"
By Thomas L. Stokes
Reviewed by Charles McD. Puckette

"JAMES JOYCE"
By Herbert Gorman
Reviewed by Mary M. Colum

THE AMATEUR PROFESSIONAL
By W. W. Williams

"AMERICANS ALL OVER"
By Jerome Beatty
Reviewed by Linton Wells



NORMAN ANGELL: "He has written this volume primarily to make the British people realize their responsibilities for the reconstruction to come" . . . *(See page 5)*

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"DES IMAGISTES"

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

IMAGISM is ancient history, but it occurs to me that none of the English members of the group or tribe has yet told his tale of transactions which had some effect on the course of American poetry. What did the Imagists achieve in 1912? Well, they did some useful pioneering work. They dealt a fatal blow at the post-Victorian magazine poets, whose unappeased shades still clamor for Imagist blood. They livened things up a lot. They introduced free verse and an exacting if narrow standard of style in poetry. As a purely personal opinion, I may add that I think Ezra Pound, H.D., Lawrence, and Ford will continue to be read by anybody interested in modern poetry.

It will doubtless be an instant relief to the reader to be told that I don't claim to be the Fuehrer of the Imagists. I was five years younger than the next youngest member of the group, and when the first Imagist poems appeared I was all of twenty. The fame or otherwise of leadership must go to Ezra, who invented the movement; and to Amy Lowell, who put it over. That I can swear to, but I wouldn't take an affidavit that I remember exactly what happened and just what was said. I have only more or less vague memories.

I came across Ezra and H.D. almost at the same time, through an English friend who then collected poets. That was either at the end of 1911 or beginning of 1912—you see how poor my memory is. In those days Ezra was great fun, a small but persistent volcano in the dim levels of London literary society. He had vitality and charm, a knowledge of European poetry which was almost as extensive as it was inaccurate, and a generous wish to help other poets along. London was interested and amused by him. The evening papers carried full-page interviews and a picture; and even *Punch* had to notice the existence of a Mr. Ezekiel Ton, who had achieved a new synthesis of Wardour Street and the wild and woolly West.

Unfortunately, Ezra had read Whistler's "Gentle Art of Making Enemies," which he practised without the

Ezra Pound

"gentle." Consequently, in spite of his endearing qualities, Ezra does not inhabit The White House in Chelsea, keeping one half of London perpetually irritated and the other half perpetually delighted with barbed jibes. He is a Rapallo troglodyte, suffering from the mental indigestion following on a feast of fascism plus the too, too solid hokum of Douglas Credit. Alas, poor Ezra! I wish him well. May he flourish.

Like other expatriates, Ezra and H.D. developed an almost insane relish for English afternoon tea, a meal with which I can most willingly dispense. Moreover, they insisted on going to the most fashionable and expensive tea-shops (which I thought a sad waste of money) not only in London but in Paris, and even in Rome and Venice. Being merely an oppressed minority I had to yield. Thus it came about that our meetings nearly always occurred in some infernal bun-shop full of English spinsters. No doubt, we all got off some splendid cracks, but for the life of me I can't remember one of them. I suspect that the cream of the wit lay in the fact that we were young and happy and having a glorious time just being alive.

Naturally, the Imagist movement was born in a tea-shop, in the Royal Borough of Kensington. For some time Ezra had been supervising our studies and poems, with alternate encouragements and blue-pencillings. H.D. produced some poems which I thought excellent, and she either handed or mailed them to Ezra. Presently each of us received a ukase to attend the Kensington bun-shop, which we accordingly did. Ezra was so worked up that he removed his pince-nez and informed us we were Imagists.

Now here is where my faulty memory is such a nuisance. Was this the first time I had heard of Imagism? I don't know. According to the record, Ezra swiped the word from the English philosopher, T. E. Hulme, and anyone can read in an appendix to one of Ezra's books the five or six poems Hulme wrote to illustrate his theories. They're pretty good, especially the one about the moon like a red-faced farmer looking over a gate. Ezra's note on Hulme's poems contains the ominous words: "As to the future, that is in the hands of the Imagists." My own belief is that the name took his fancy and he kept it in petto for a time. If there were no Imagists, obviously they would have to be invented. Whenever Ezra has founded a new movement, he has never had any difficulty about finding members.

I can't remember anything that was said at that bun-shop that afternoon. I do remember how pleased H.D. looked at the praise Ezra gave her poems. But I don't think she liked the idea of having them signed: "H.D. Imagist," and I don't think I did either. But Ezra was a bit of a Czar in a small but irritating way, and he had the bulge on us, because it was only through him that we could get our poems into Harriet Monroe's *Poetry*, and nobody else would look at them. So we had to give in. My

Next Week

FINLAND FIGHTS
By H. B. ELLISTON
Reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe

BETHEL MERRIDAY
By SINCLAIR LEWIS
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

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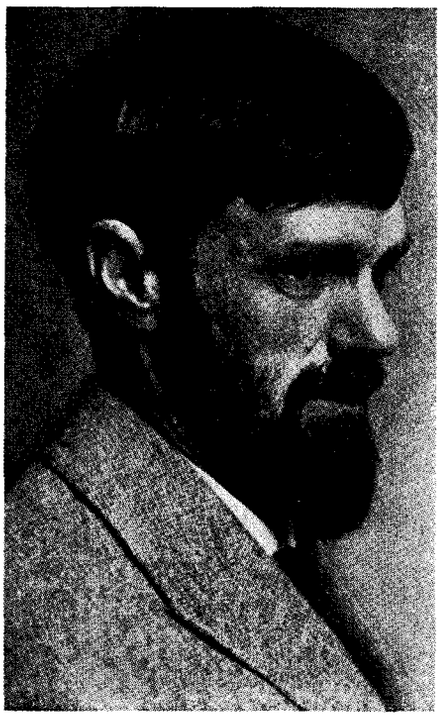
own impression is that these poems of H.D.'s were the first to appear with the Imagist label, and that two or three of mine appeared in *Poetry* a month or two before without the label though they were afterwards included in Ezra's "Des Imagistes." I think this fact (which can easily be established by looking through the early files of *Poetry*) lends support to those who say the Imagist movement was H.D., and H.D. the Imagist movement.

I believe—though I won't swear—that at this same momentous tea-fight Ezra proposed that the three of us should publish a book together. I believe H.D. and I were in favor of this, because it seemed the sort of thing the three musketeers would have done. But Ezra later changed his mind. He gravely pointed out to us that he already had a wide international reputation while we were miserable unknowns, and that consequently the whole attention of the world's reviewers would go to his poems and ours would not even be noticed. Evidently Ezra was having a good time extending the movement and compelling them to come in. With Fletcher he discovered a remarkable poet whom we were glad to welcome, and we didn't object to Flint, although the most imagistic things he had done so far were to read masses of young French poets and imitate Verlaine in English. Ford Madox Ford (then Hueffer) was a well-established author and we liked his poems, though until he began to imitate H.D. they were not strikingly Imagist. We were also glad to have our old friend, John Cournos, who afterwards wrote some very good novels. But we did object to Allen Upward, Skipwith Cannell, and Amy Lowell.

This was in 1913. In February 1914, Ezra's Imagist anthology appeared in New York under the fantastic title "Des Imagistes." What Ezra thought that meant remains a mystery. Amy's anthologies were called "Some Imagist Poets," so she evidently assumed that Ezra thought "Des Imagistes" meant "Quelques Imagistes." But why a French title for a collection of poems by a bunch of young American and English writers? Search me. Ezra liked pretentious and foreign titles. His first book was called "A Lume Spento;" another was called "Personae;" and where other people would have written a preface Ezra indited Prolegomena. It was rumored later that he was responsible for making T. S. Eliot use the title



D. H. Lawrence

Ara vus prec, a snippet of medieval Provençal which I imagine is unintelligible to most people. It seems a rather childish form of high-hatting.

Under that ridiculous ensign our little boatfull of poets started off, only to come at once under fire from apparently the whole American fleet of critics. I say "apparently" because we didn't bother about press clippings, and only saw a few abusive ones which kind friends cut out and sent us. Columnists parodied the poems or reproduced them with derisive remarks. I seem to remember that the poem which gave most offense was a lovely little epigraph by H.D. which revolted the journalists by its sobriety and perfection of taste. Evidently we were a succès de scandale. The edition sold out.

Very likely some of the sales were to the kind of people who will always pay two bits to see a bunch of freaks. The serious part of the success was very largely due to H.D. Of course, the majority of poetry-readers have little real judgment and practically no flair for good new work. But genuine obtuseness to art, such as is requisite in a successful journalist, was needed to overlook the fact that H.D., even in those first poems, showed an original and sensitive mind and an almost faultless craftsmanship. Version after version of a poem was discarded by her in the search for perfection, and the pruning was ruthless. I thought I was fairly exacting, but I was staggered by this relentless artistic conscience. The fervor with which ten generations of Puritan ancestors had sought moral righteousness was here devoted to esthetic righteousness. I think it significant that H.D. was a close student of the epistles of St. Paul, but obviously her version ran: "Though I speak with the tongue of men and of angels and have not *style*. . . . "

In the summer of 1914 Amy was again in London, occupying her usual suite in the Berkeley with its view across Piccadilly to the Green Park. With her wonderful energy and vivacity Amy had been battling valiantly for us, but she was fed up with Ezra. So were others. I have a notion that Fletcher was particularly restive. Moreover, Ezra was now attaching himself to the *Blast* group and busy patenting a new movement, Vorticism, whatever that may have been. The first number of *Blast* was a brilliant production, but most of the brilliance was due to the editor, P. Wyndham Lewis, and the rest to a short story which I think one of the best ever produced by that gifted writer, Rebecca West. But *Blast* didn't seem quite the right medium for us.

Amy arrived with certain proposals, to which she had evidently given a good deal of thought. She proposed a Boston Tea Party for Ezra, the immediate abolition of his despotism, and the substitution of a pure democracy. There was to be no more of the Duce business, with arbitrary inclusions and exclusions, and a capricious censorship. We were to publish quietly and modestly as a little group of friends with similar tendencies, rather than water-tight principles. Each poet was to choose himself what he considered the best of his year's output, and the anthology would be annual. To preserve democratic equality names would appear in alphabetical order. Amy undertook to do all the practical work, to get the books published in Boston and London, and to account to us for the royalties. And well and loyally she discharged that task, which involved a good deal of work and correspondence.

On these terms Ezra was invited to contribute, but refused. There is said to have been a row between Amy and Ezra, but I certainly knew nothing about it. I seem to remember that H.D. and I pleaded with Ezra to stay in, but he refused to play ball. Obviously the odor of democracy was al-

(*Continued on page* 17)

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Can Britain Win the Peace?

FOR WHAT DO WE FIGHT? By Norman Angell. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1940. 327 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN C. DEWILDE

ONE would like to give this book an unqualified endorsement. It comes from the pen of a man who has devoted his life to a crusade on behalf of genuine peace. It has, also, a provocative title which arouses interest and great expectations. Unfortunately, this latest product of Sir Norman is rather disappointing. It might have made a good pamphlet, but little more. Much of it is a familiar story, already told too often by Eden, Churchill, Duff Cooper, as well as a host of journalists, publicists, and minor writers. Sir Norman once more belabors the thesis that the British shirked the responsibility for the maintenance of peace after the last war, that their own inaction in Manchuria, Abyssinia, and Czechoslovakia led straight to the present conflict. All this is true and by now generally accepted. Perhaps it still bears repetition, but certainly not at such great length.

Despite this major fault, the book has positive merits. Sir Norman is a convinced and sincere liberal and firmly believes in the necessity of this war. Like many of us, he fears that the next peace, too, may be lost. He has written this volume primarily to make the British people realize their responsibilities for the reconstruction to come. The central problem, in his opinion, is political security. The present conflict is not primarily one between "haves" and "have nots." That people and statesmen often consider it in such light is due to a widespread misconception about the economic benefits of empire. The struggle for power has little justification beyond that of security, of self defense. Sir Norman is perfectly willing to see outside nations share whatever economic benefits the British Empire has to offer, but he thinks the principal task for the future is to provide for common defense against aggression. Only when countries stand ready to act with complete unity against every act of lawlessness, can peace be secured.

When he writes of the shape of things to come, Sir Norman has no pet projects or new international constitutions to offer—at least not in detail. He realizes that the will and understanding to make international machinery work is more important. He does examine the conditions under which a new order might best be established. A dictated peace or a war *à l'outrance* are rejected; instead, he would maintain the present stalemate on the war front and utilize it to build up the nucleus of a federal system under Franco-British auspices. The cooperation between the two allies would not be simply for war purposes, but its institutional framework and the scope of its work would be gradually extended to include all the social, economic, and political problems that would have to be tackled in a broad effort at reconstruction. Into this economic and defensive alliance neutrals would be free to enter. Meanwhile, the blockade would keep Germany from access to the world's richest sources of raw materials and foodstuffs. The Germans would face growing scarcity and privation, unmitigated by spectacular military victories. Seeing the Anglo-French picture of peaceful and fruitful cooperation, the German people might turn their "dynamism" against Hitler and set up a new regime capable of partnership in the new federal society.

Proposals like those of Sir Norman are always easy to criticize. One may consider this one a bit chimerical. Still, there is substance to the thesis that the close Anglo-French coöperation necessitated by this war may continue after the conclusion of the hostilities and become the foundation for the establishment of a more constructive order in Europe.

From "A Cartoon History of Our Times," by David Low.
Silence

Transient Aristocracy

CHRONICLES OF CHICORA WOOD. By Elizabeth W. Allston Pringle. Boston: The Christopher Publishing House. 1940. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

THEIR own charm was reason enough for reprinting these memoirs of a South Carolina patrician in the swift Civil War transition from grace in wealth to grace in poverty. But beyond charm, I think the reappearance of this picture of the aristocratic South in our times (which have been more concerned with the problem and plebeian South) points the fact that "truth" in literature is often only the current response to reader boredom with what was presented as truth in the past.

Plenty of slop about the South has been written from the vantage of the piazza, and a good deal also from the corn crib and the cotton row. It is the persisting virtue of Mrs. Pringle's book that it stands years after it was first published as one of the little company of writings, from left or right, up or down, which are the items to be cherished regardless of the current clichés of literary consumption as together making a whole picture of a land. Mrs. Pringle's book does not belong with those of Thomas Nelson Page, who also wrote about aristocrats, but with the best of Erskine Caldwell who writes about the under-men and the oppressed.

Romance has multiplied them but the aristocrats did exist, not merely rich and landed but creative and conscientious. They had faults (so did Jeeter) but their virtues were not merely romantic. And almost the best and most credible picture we have of them at their richest in the Carolina low country and at their poorest, too, is in this gentlewoman's very gentle story. It is free of dramatics, though Sherman's bummers ride through it and slaves stir ominously in misguided freedom in a land in which food was scarce for all the free. It is devoid of pretentiousness and of all but the purest pride. It is honest and frank—artless even—but good and true.

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Spotlight on the Pacific Northwest

SWIFT FLOWS THE RIVER. By Nard Jones. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1940. 440 *pp.* $2.50.

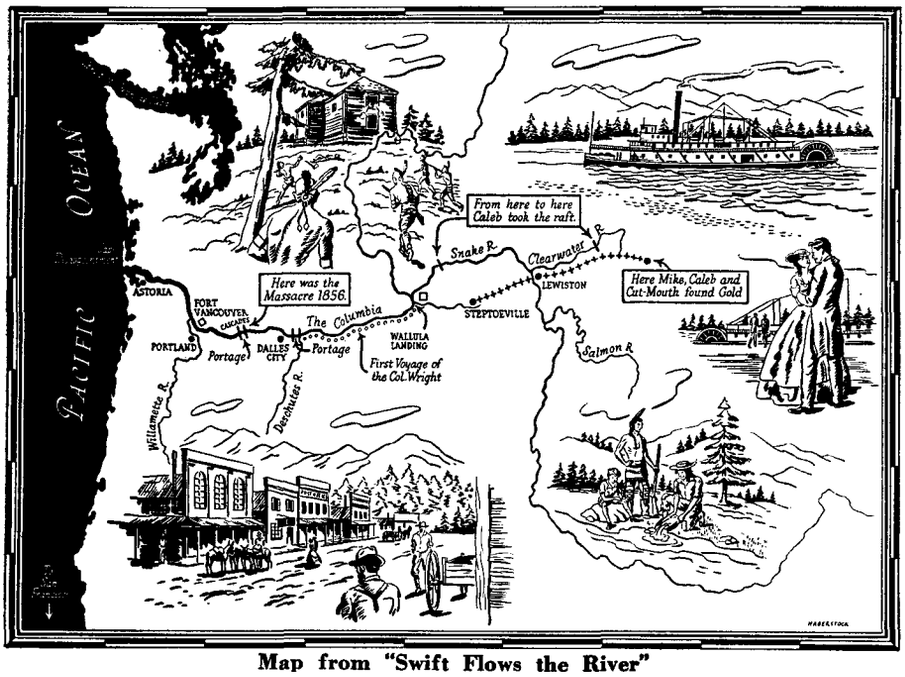
Reviewed by GEORGE R. STEWART

SINCE 1930 Mr. Nard Jones has published six novels. In these books he has remained constant to a single background—the Pacific Northwest. He has, however, experimented widely in fictional method, and has ranged from his complex-patterned "All Six Were Lovers" to a detective story, "The Case of the Hanging Lady." One type of novel seems to be of special interest to him, for both in "The Petlands" and "Wheat Women" he has essayed the panoramic story of three generations with backgrounds respectively of Seattle and the Northwestern wheat country.

"Swift Flows the River" represents a third venture in the panoramic novel. The story is confined to one generation; even so, it covers a period of about twenty years following 1856; its subject is the development of the Columbia River country from the Cascades to Lewiston. It begins with an exciting use of that always reliable property of the novelist of the frontier—the attack on the blockhouse. Its main theme is the establishment of steamboat traffic, but it utilizes such interesting sub-topics as the discovery of the Idaho gold mines. Among the characters are an Irish ex-soldier, a Nez Percé named Cutmouth, a gambler with an iron hand, and the gambler's mistress. The chief character is Caleb Paige who develops in the course of the story from a young boy to a mature steamboat captain.

In recent years the writings of H. L. Davis, Vardis Fisher (in his earlier novels), Archie Binns, and others have brought the Pacific Northwest into fiction. Even yet, however, in comparison with the countless novels about past and present California, the novels about Washington, Oregon, and Idaho are curiously few. And this lack cannot result from any failure of basic interest in the settlement and growth of those states. "Swift Flows the River" is therefore to be welcomed for the spot of light which it throws upon a region which has as yet been so inadequately represented in our fiction. Mr. Jones gives evidence of having worked carefully upon his history. His is not any profound interpretation. He does not seek to solve the problems of the frontier or to mull over its enigmas. But he presents carefully the surface of life in his region, sometimes with much elaborate and painstaking detail. Once he devotes a whole page to the menu of an early banquet, reproducing it even to the misspelling of the French words.

There are a good many technical difficulties into which the story falls. The story is not always well thought out—as when a flintlock pistol metamorphoses itself into a revolver. Yet, like the course of its river, the novel moves steadily from rapid to rapid, and most readers will undoubtedly find themselves carried swiftly along.



Map from "Swift Flows the River"

Newspaper Man in the Nation's Capital

CHIP OFF MY SHOULDER. By Thomas L. Stokes. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1940. 568 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CHARLES McD. PUCKETTE

MR. STOKES has been a Washington correspondent who has been before the public from the administration of Warren G. Harding. A keen observer, a writer with a crisp journalistic style, and, more significant than that, a correspondent sympathetically alive to the social importance of the national political events and trends he has witnessed, Mr. Stokes has set down an interesting record of his years in the capital. His story is also a convincing one of the education of this young Georgia newspaper man who went to Washington without any rock-bound convictions, and whose political and journalistic philosophy grew and broadened through experience.

Thomas L. Stokes

Mark Sullivan once told Theodore Roosevelt that it was hard to see how any man under forty years could be against him, or any over forty could be for him. The social transitional period embraced in the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover-Roosevelt administrations has been an ordeal for any newspaper man whose journalistic or social arteries were hardening; the adjustment has been difficult. Mr. Stokes has remained essentially clear headed, and has kept his perspective. Some of his early judgments of men were revised, and he is candid in indicating the progress of his own political education.

Mr. Stokes's story does not furnish any "revelations." No good newspaper man's book should do so; any news gathered should be written for his newspaper when it is fresh. But his characterizations of the national figures with whom he was in such close contact are interesting and revealing, and such material does not belong in objective news reports. His volume is a good source book on democratic processes. He is not uncharitable to near-statesmen who are merely human, but he reserves his admiration for men of courage and conviction who fight for what they believe to be the common welfare.

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The Light That Failed

STALIN'S RUSSIA AND THE CRISIS IN SOCIALISM. By Max Eastman. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1940. 284 pp., with index. $2.50.

Reviewed by EUGENE LYONS

THE exciting and significant news from the Left is that an earnest and open-eyed revaluation of Marxism and of the mystico-political concept "socialism" is under way. What is more, lifelong Marxists and socialists are the most active and earnest in the undertaking. That is a really dramatic development, as though devout Christians suddenly turned to an analysis of the basic tenets of Christianity in a grimly scientific spirit. Despite its pseudo-scientific trappings, socialism has been for generations a faith, with Karl Marx as its founder, with denominational branchings, disciples, heretics, proselytizers, and converts. The faithful have been stubbornly, often murderously, opposed to examining their fundamental assumptions and as desperately cunning as any other group of believers in the art of apologetics.

But the tragic results of the socialist experiment in Russia and the near-socialist experiments in Italy and Germany are finally forcing some of the socialists to examine Marxism in the light of history. The fact that the two major totalitarian streams, Hitlerism and Stalinism, have finally converged and flow together has stimulated the process. But Max Eastman is among the few who did not wait for the body blow of the Nazi-Soviet pacts to shock him into action. The volume under review, "Stalin's Russia and the Crisis in Socialism," is not a sudden reversal of views. On the contrary, it is the logical and inevitable continuation of his courageous study of the Russian Revolution from the beginning. It carries further his critique of orthodox socialism in "Marx and Lenin, the Science of Revolution," and the implications of his extensive writings on developments inside Soviet Russia. Mr. Eastman argues impressively that the events of the last two decades, the course of economic and social experiments under Bolshevism and Fascism, cannot be brushed aside by Marxists as unfortunate accidents. Socialists cannot hide their inner discomfiture under the pretense that the Stalins and Hitlers are betrayers of the collectivist idea, but must confront the possibility that totalitarianism is the end-product of collectivism.

The first part of his new book chronicles the failure of the Russian Revolution. The outlawing of private ownership of the means of production and the socialization of all wealth, have not led to an automatic withering away of the state. On the contrary, the state has become increasingly centralized, tyrannical, exploiting. Though "Stalin's skill in manipulating public opinion" has concealed the fact from wishful-thinking partisans, "his counter-revolution has been the bloodiest in all history." The dream of a socialist commonwealth of justice, equality, and abundance has ended in a nightmare of barbaric injustice, new social stratifications, and horrible poverty. Under different labels and on different levels, the socialist theory has also been applied by the Germans and the Italians, with equivalent results.

In the second and more important part of the book Mr. Eastman reconsiders the socialist faith in the light of these facts. He poses questions and attempts answers that will annoy Marxists all the way from the most moderate socialists to the most orthodox Bolsheviks, even unto Leon Trotsky. "Where in general," he inquires, "lies the guarantee that government-owned or government-controlled industry does not as its natural political form beget the totalitarian state?" Democratic socialists and Trotskyists alike, he points out, "have failed to suggest any scheme by which total governmental ownership of industry can be dissociated from totalitarian government, because there is none." No mind not bold enough to reconsider the socialist hypothesis in the light of the Russian experiment can be called intelligent, he contends.

Running through the whole argument is an awareness of those institutions and habits of thought which, in a vague way, we have come to call democracy. In its largest sense the concept includes the dignity of the individual, the civil rights laboriously accumulated through centuries, the safeguards of the person against impersonal mobs and states. The old Marxist assumption that this democracy is an aspect of capitalism, to be discarded along with the economy of capitalism, has been proved not merely dangerous but suicidal. Mr. Eastman, and thousands of other socialists, have come to believe that democratic ways "should be regarded not as a step to transcend but as a foundation to build upon." As he puts it toward the end of the book: "If life is to have dignity and richness, the principles of freedom and individualism must be preserved."

Recently, when Boris Souvarine's

Max Eastman

monumental book on Bolshevism was brought out belatedly in English, a *New York Times* reviewer dismissed it in one paragraph as "Trotskyist," though it is a profound refutation of Trotskyism no less than of Stalinism. Literary punsters of the same sort are likely to dismiss this book by Max Eastman no less cavalierly as "Trotskyist," or even worse, as "anti-Soviet." It is neither, of course. It leaves scarcely a shred of the amoralism common to all the totalitarians, from Lenin down to Stalin, Trotsky and Hitler. The recent pronouncements of Trotsky, in which he tortures his dialectics into an acceptance of the Kremlin's adventure in Finland, fully support Mr. Eastman's sharp criticism in his chapter "Trotsky's Divorce of Ends and Means."

In a final chapter the author offers tentatively a series of suggestions for saving what is valid in Marxism without swallowing what has been proved untenable. He is aware that a new radical movement, if it is to arise in America, must be flexible, based on facts and not on pious fictions. His book is cogent, clear-headed, and like everything Max Eastman commits to print, amazingly well written. Even in the most theoretical passages he succeeds in communicating an element of drama. In the process of revaluing socialism, which is likely to occupy the attentions of the next generation, this volume will represent a notable pioneering stage. A great many real and make-believe socialists who will now shy away from a book of this type, are likely to return to it later in a mood of intellectual humility.

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New England Storm

"WISH we had more ice storms," said the Old Timer. "It's only when you folks lose your electricity and can't listen to the radio or go to the movies in the evenings that you get around to doing the things we're doing tonight—sitting around a fire and swapping ideas.

"Trouble is, we've got gadgets to do our thinking and reading and even our talking. By and large, they run us a lot more than we run them. And when something's happened that keeps the gadgets from working you get to realizing all of a sudden that we've allowed them to become a lot more important than they should be. I remember a time when people used to spend several evenings a week thinking out loud together and talking things out. Nowadays it's either the movies or the radio. Too much of the talk you hear is about screen stars or radio stars. Just about amounts to worship. In the movies it's a slick-haired ladies' man and on the radio it's a dummy, both of whom are paid more than the President.

"It couldn't have been more than thirty years ago that I used to read Conrad to my boys. I must have read the 'Outcast' aloud at least three times. Those boys are fathers now. Do you think their sons want to hear Conrad? Not on your life. He's not streamlined enough. He's too tame. What they want are radio thrillers—stuff about prison breaks and murders. And for reading they won't look at anything outside of comic magazines, where undressed supermen go flying around through the air with magic death ray guns and the like.

"Radio. Sure it's done plenty of good. But it's got its disadvantages, too. People think just because it isn't human everything it says must be true. Take that invasion from Mars not so long ago. There must have been a million people in this country who didn't know where to hide, they were so pale with fright. And all because of something not much more than a third-rate Halloween stunt at best.

"No, I'm not saying that these new gadgets aren't worth the high price we've got to pay for them. What I'm saying is that people don't even seem to realize that there is a price. Maybe if they did there would be a way of bringing it down.

"My sense of values may be wrong but it seems to me we've been making a pretty poor bargain. We invent a machine to get us around in a hurry but the price we have to pay for all this time-saving each year are the lives of more people than we lost during the entire World War. Each day in the year we've got to offer up at the Auto Altar about a hundred lives as our sacrifice for Speed. Strangely enough, the only days that this number drops are when the weather becomes bad. You'd think that a storm such as the one we had last week would skyrocket the accident figures. No, just the opposite. And it's not only because there are fewer cars on the road—it's because people just can't see far enough ahead to drive carelessly.

"Yes, what this crazy world needs is more ice storms. Too bad there can't be one great big ice storm all over—over those battlefields in Europe especially. 'Cause when men have to fight to keep alive against the cold they stop thinking about fighting other men. Even now the only thing holding up the mass slaughter in the war is winter.

"But in a few weeks the days will begin to get longer and warmer and the men in the trenches will throw away their gloves and pick up their guns. And the signal to go over the top will be whistled by the returning robin. The good smells in the spring air will be driven out by the hot smells of gunpowder. It won't be much of a spring because the earth will be torn and there'll be no room for flowers. The trees will have to go, too. Trees get in the way of tanks.

"Conditions are good for killing in the spring and summer. And so men kill as much as they can in the months before the winter sets in again.

"Conditions are not good for killing in the winter. In the winter men must wait for the spring." N. C.

The past week has seen a heavy mortality in the literary field. Hamlin Garland, Edwin Markham, and John Finley have gone—almost the last of a group of writers who in that now remote pre-war world of the turn of the century were holding the interest of readers. Mr. Finley was the scholar and man of letters, the classicist, and educator, whose knowledge was lit by humanity and presented with suavity. Hamlin Garland, though his realism may seem sugar-coated to a generation brought up on Faulkner and Caldwell, was one of the few novelists who in the nineties depicted American life without romantic glamour. And with Edwin Markham, whose fame rested on a single poem, the proletarian note which has today become so dominant made a definite entry into our literature. They were a trio of writers, not great, but eminent in the literary history of their time. A. L.

Sweeter than Rain

BY SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN

LEAN down . . . lean down . . . and you will see
The cunning artifice of snow . . .
How flake on flake is lightly laid
Over the unresisting earth.
Lean down . . . but you can never know
How the branched star joins with another,
How the enchanted vapor drop
Leans at last upon its brother.
In this slow wall that rises here
There is no crevice, no small gap
Where the dark soil can still be seen.
The hour of green is shut away.
The dam is held against the sap.
Lean down . . . lean down. Come quietly near
This white, immutable design.
There is no eye that can divide
This wonder into living parts.
There is no heart that can divine
Why the white heavens should ordain
This gift so pure . . . so mortal cold
Surer than sun, sweeter than rain
To seal the season of the old.

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Letters to the Editor

No Von Ossietzky Translation?

SIR:—Pacifists and others interested in the cause of peace rejoiced in 1936 when the Nobel Peace Prize was awarded to the great German liberal editor of *Die Weltbuehne,* Carl Von Ossietzky. Interest in the man and his writings has been world-wide. Yet no English translation of his editorials and other political articles has been printed. A few years ago a New York publisher announced his intention of bringing out a translation under the title of "The World Scene." But the book never saw the light of day.

Books by Hitler, Churchill, Chamberlain, Rauschning, etc. are readily accessible to us in English. Would it not be a service to humanity to circulate the ideas of this martyr of German democracy and of his fight for peace and world brotherhood, which, I am convinced, must triumph if civilization is to survive?

ARTHUR H. STURCKE

Jersey City, N. J.

"Mr. Shipley writes both detective and western stories."

Not Hubbard's Work

SIR:—Frederick Lewis Allen in his review of David Arnold Balch's "Elbert Hubbard" says of Hubbard: "A slippery tendency to appropriate credit for other people's work."

On page 183 of Mr. Balch's book a paragraph on Bernard Shaw is ascribed to Hubbard of which I was the author in an essay I sold Hubbard on "Diabolistic Idealists." On page 244 an epigram is quoted as Hubbard's which was originally mine in this form: "Throw your medals away —only your scars count."

Of course Mr. Balch, I take it, did not know of these curious things. I think, however, before any one else writes a life of Hubbard or quotes him he had better look into the authorship of what was printed in the *Philistine* and the *Fra.*

From 1903 to 1915 I wrote essays, paragraphs and epigrams for Hubbard's *Philistine* and *Fra.* In a book called "Olympians" 10 of the 13 essays are mine to the last comma. These essays were printed with Elbert Hubbard as the author.

Also, I found, in the 1920's, in the "collected works" of Hubbard all of my work under Hubbard's name. After negotiations that lasted for nearly two years "Olympians" was withdrawn from circulation, the further printing of the "collected works" containing my work under Hubbard's name was stopped, and all my matter was re-assigned to me, as the Copyright Office in Washington will attest. Many of these essays now appear in my books.

BENJAMIN DECASSERES

New York, N. Y.

Who Knows It

SIR:—I am in search of a comic poem, title and author unknown to me, in which a Canuck ball player named Napoleon or 'Poleon comes to bat in a Casey-at-the-bat situation, swings on a home-run ball, and knocks it completely out of sight. The batboy or some equivalent supernumerary later discovers the ball imbedded in the bat. Can any *Saturday Review* reader oblige?

WALLACE STEGNER.

Newtonville, Mass.

H. L. on Bunner

SIR:—When I was engaged in collecting the material for my "The Life and Letters of Henry Cuyler Bunner," I wrote the late Harry Leon Wilson a hopeful note. His generous reply deserves a wider publicity than my book can give it, and I therefore hope you will be able to print his letter for the benefit of those who are interested in either of the two men.

GERARD JENSEN

New London, Conn.

May 28th, 1931.
Carmel, Calif.

Dear Professor Jensen:

First, I am sorry I have no letters from Bunner. (Had I ever received any you may be sure I would still have them.) After I went to New York in 1892 there was no occasion for him to write to me.

Also I doubt if what I can say about him will be of any value to you, though I do want to say it anyway.

For five years before '92 Bunner had been my model for writing. I read him religiously, slavishly tried to copy his happy turn of words and I did feel so good when achieving a phrase that might plausibly have been his—an occurrence not frequent, however. No other writer came at all near to filling this need of mine. I especially remember a quite brazen imitation of his "Love in Olde Cloathes" which I wrote and sent to *Puck,* happily accepted for publication though sent off with violent misgivings. This and other short stories *Puck* printed were later published as "Zigzag Tales." (Bunner himself gave the title after we in the office had made various suggestions.) This was my first book, exhalting me to author's rank, and no one but me, I'm sure, ever suspected how much of H. C. B. had gone into it. He himself must have known.

Our first meeting was at his Nutley home where I was asked to spend my first week-end in New York, and I was chilled by his unquestioning acceptance of me as a writer. I felt I must somehow be cheating the man. No uninformed third person would have suspected that I, too, didn't have notable performances back of me. Nor was this, I am sure, a piece of skilled condescension on Bunner's part. He simply didn't think about it. I was also a writer and it didn't once occur to him that he might compare us to my disadvantage. To our respective merits he never gave the least thought. That was Bunner—a basic characteristic of his; with no thought of appraising himself he never appraised others—that is, meeting them as men. (Of course he was critical of their output.) And so I formed at once a great liking for the man, a feeling separate

(*Continued on page* 22)

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Portrait of the Artist

JAMES JOYCE. By Herbert Gorman. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 358 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MARY M. COLUM

HERBERT GORMAN'S biography, "James Joyce," is, in its own way, a unique book. It has been written during the subject's lifetime, with his cooperation; it reflects, too, the subject's attitude to himself as a writer, and his relation to his friends, his critics, his enemies, and the land of his birth. This is the merit of the book, and at the same time its drawback. It is not a disinterested biography; it is, in fact, a very prejudiced biography, full of both the subject's and the author's prejudices. The most appreciative article on any author is bound to contain some adverse criticism: this is as true of Dante or Shakespeare as of James Joyce. Herbert Gorman appears to have combed the critiques of Joyce to find the adverse sentence that would make the critic seem inimical. One could get the impression from this book that Joyce, instead of being one of the most highly appreciated authors now living, was widely misunderstood and harassed. If one did not know him well one might be given the impression that James Joyce was a disagreeable and self-centered personality who believed he was presenting his country and the world with the product of a great and significant gift, and that the world owed it to him to see that he was placed in such a situation that he could use this gift in his own way and to the best advantage.

The world appears to have responded unusually well in his case. Now the problem of how a writer is to be remunerated is one of the serious issues that this book arouses. Obviously, in the case of a writer like James Joyce, his books could not bring him an income on which he could live. In the struggle to make a living he would have had to give up writing altogether. This must have happened many times in the world, not only in art but in all provinces of the intellect. The products of the intellect have not a market value that can be assessed in cash; in fact, great art may or may not have a cash value; any that could be attached to it would be accidental. This problem of recompense for the work of the spirit has always existed. It is a tremendously important one at the present moment when it is beginning to look as if the intellect was about to be withdrawn from circulation in the world altogether and when the

James Joyce by Augustus John

people who could most benefit humanity have not been allowed to function. In America, on the artistic side, anyhow, the problem is a grave one; all sorts of writers, the artist-writers, the trade-writers, and the amateur writers are lumped together; very little effort is made to discover the difference between them. For an artist-writer like Vachel Lindsay who had presented America with a sorely-needed though unappreciated lyricism, the struggle was so great that he eventually committed suicide. What is to be done to safeguard the intellect in our modern world? Organized religion saw that its clergy and even its contemplative orders were provided for, but for some reason—perhaps the reason is in its own nature—art has never been provided for.

James Joyce is one of the few cases in which a man of real genius and power of innovation has been made economically free for his work. Before forty he was, to her everlasting credit, enabled by a woman to live in comfort for the rest of his days. Before that, during the last war, an American, Mrs. Rockefeller McCormick, for a time provided him with a thousand Swiss francs a month, and another woman provided him with five hundred Swiss francs—about three hundred and fifty dollars in American money of the period. In this country, in the rare cases that one hears of where some Maecenas provides a livelihood or leisure to work, the person provided for is not an artist at all and has little to give that is of importance. An enlightened state will some time have to take this problem in hand. An artist might, perhaps, in return for leisure do some service for the state: in France something of the kind is frequently done.

Other problems that this biography raises are the relation between an artist and his country, adopted or native, and the relation between the education he receives and his product. In the case of James Joyce, for all that his biographer maintains, I consider that his country did not do badly by him. It gave him what was an excellent education for a writer. When graduated he knew the languages and literatures of several countries. This is not to say that because a certain type of education may benefit a writer it is good for the rest of the country; in Ireland the system has now been changed to something more appropriate for the bulk of the people. The learning in "Ulysses" which so astounded some of the critics and which caused Richard Aldington to refer in the London *Times* of about a year back to the expensive and extensive education one needed to understand it, was all part of the studies one pursued to get a university degree in modern literature in Dublin. There is probably no modern writer whose secondary and university studies have made such an impress on his work as James Joyce's. In fact, the bulk of his work is based on these particular studies.

Herbert Gorman does not get the hang of university and secondary education in the Ireland of James Joyce's time and later. This would not matter but that the value of a book like this, which is largely detail, depends upon the accuracy of its detail. He is wrong in describing University College, Dublin, as a Jesuit college, though there happened to be a number of Jesuit professors there; it was a Catholic college that had been founded by Cardinal Newman; it was not even solely for men; young women went there, too. James Joyce's professors in University College later were mine. We received, in fact, exactly the same sort of education, secondary and university, and the same sort of degree in modern languages and literatures. James Joyce did not, as Herbert Gorman states, receive "his degree of Bachelor of Arts in the faculty of arts of University College." University College could not confer degrees. But the students of all the colleges outside the University of Dublin (Trinity College), whether Queens' Colleges or Catholic or betwixt and between, presented themselves for examination before a body called the Royal University which conferred degrees. The combination of the university literary studies with the influence of the lit-

(*Continued on page* 16)

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A SATURDAY REVIEW PORTRAIT

The Amateur Professional

A Personal View of W. S. Lewis

BY W. W. WILLIAMS

Russell

Wilmarth S. Lewis

W. S. LEWIS, editor of the "Yale Edition of Horace Walpole's Correspondence," or Wilmarth Sheldon, as he was christened, or "Lefty" as he is known to his friends (from the "Lefty Louie" of the Rosenthal case), is a highly useful and interesting person, but not, perhaps, a particularly edifying example for the guidance of youthful scholars. He fell into, rather than entered, his present line of work, and from an unconventional direction; he entirely skipped the normal course of training for it. Nevertheless he is not only doing one of the biggest jobs of scholarly editing on record, but he is doing it superlatively well and to the satisfaction of the pundits. He is an example of the amateur turned professional, and more than holding his own in the ring.

He first swam into my ken early in 1916, as a Yale sophomore newly elected to the Elizabethan Club. That was an era when literary undergraduates were much in vogue, and Lewis was conspicuous in his group. Born in Alameda, California, in 1895, he had come to Yale via Thacher School, where he learned to pitch and play an excellent game of tennis. His sense of humor, consisting largely of a gift for verbal foolery, was superb then, as it still is; it stood him in good stead in his contributions to the *Lit.*, though he was nosed out for the chairmanship by two other classmates. One of them was John Farrar, even then a fairly formidable rival.

If anyone at that time had prophesied that Lewis, for all his endearing qualities, would become a leading scholar, in an entirely serious way, we should have set down the prophet as definitely loony. Nevertheless, the thing happened, and it is my business to trace the progress as well as I can. Certainly an important landmark was a famous undergraduate course by Professor Chauncey Brewster Tinker on the Age of Johnson. Here Lewis, like many before and after him, first heard of Horace Walpole. I suspect that another vital step came after the war, when, having finished his undergraduate course, he elected not to return to California, but settled down in New Haven with a job in the Yale University Press. In 1922, for reasons still a little obscure to me, he left both his job and New Haven and moved to Farmington, where he has remained ever since. For the next years he was divided between two interests, one of which was novel writing. His maiden effort was a tale called "Tutor's Lane," published by Knopf in 1922. I don't think he cares much for it now, but he is fortunate among authors in finding in his juvenilia so few occasions for the hot blush of shame.

His other interest was the eighteenth century. He quickly fell into an attitude, or state of mind, in regard to it which a good many people in or near the academic world entertain toward the eighteenth century, and toward no other period in quite the same quality. For want of a better term I call it "Beauclerism." This attitude pays full tribute to the great events and figures of the time—its Chathams and Pitts and Burkes, its Popes and Richardsons and Johnsons, on which its exponents frequently write learned works.

But what the Beauclerites really love are the minor but no less characteristic events and mores and personalities—the War of Jenkin's Ear rather than that of the Austrian Succession, the trial of the Jacobite peers rather than the genesis of the Stamp Act; the Chevalier d'Eons, the Single-speech Hamiltons, the Miss Gunnings, the George Selwyns, and Topham Beauclerc and his wife, those two offshoots of ducal houses who lived in such uneasy proximity to each other and the arts.

Do not confuse this spirit with preciosity, though it may sometimes degenerate into that. In its essence, divorced from any particular period or subject, it is simply zest, warmed and enlivened by a sense of humor. It is distinct from scholarship, but combines beautifully with it, as may be seen in the case of Gibbon, Walpole himself, and many others. Even without the aid of scholarship it has kept alive for us the names of both the Beauclercs as authors of a small but genuine contribution to the life of their time. In Lewis's case it not only led him into his subject but has infused his whole work on it with a vitality and force that unaided scholarship can never give.

As the years passed, Lewis formed a habit of going to England every year and bringing back a loot of letters, books, drawings, and objects of *virtu,* thus starting the collection which has played such a vital part in his career. These items came to concentrate more and more heavily on Walpole, at first because he is a figure of supreme importance to all Beauclerites, even if they don't particularly care for him; subsequently because of an absorbing interest in that unique personality. I daresay a psychologist could discern a transference or a projection, or whatever, in Lewis's attitude at this time. What with his collections, his literary and antiquarian activities, his bachelorhood, and his lively intercourse with a large circle of friends, he was, in some manner of speaking, reliving Walpole's life. Needless to say, this phase is long since over and done with.

He soon began publishing, the first item appearing in 1926, a one-volume selection of Walpole's letters. The next year he initiated a series of short

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publications called "Miscellaneous Antiquities," or rather he revived a series so entitled which Walpole started and let drop after the second issue. These were all on Walpole or related material from Lewis's collection, largely hitherto unpublished. They became an annual affair and already have a considerable bibliographical value. Inevitably his friends began wondering when Lewis would bring forth a major work on Walpole, an edition of some of his works, or perhaps a "definitive" biography.

Several causes contributed to a rather long hesitation, one of them being Lewis's interest in purely creative writing. But by August, 1932, the great decision was made.

As Lewis states in his preface to the Cole Correspondence, there were three main considerations that made a new edition of the Walpole correspondence seem worth while—the desirability of establishing a really accurate text, the advantage of including the letters written to Walpole as well as those by him, and the value that such a work, completely annotated and indexed, would have as an encyclopedia or concordance of the period. There was the additional fact that already a large number of new letters (to date around 300) turned up after the completion of the Toynbee edition finished in 1925.

Another factor was Lewis's collection, which had been steadily growing all this time, and is growing still. As it plays such a very major part in the whole narrative, a glance at its contents may be worth while. Of approximately seven thousand letters to and from Walpole about six thousand originals are now located. Of these Lewis has some one thousand five hundred, more than any other single owner. (The other principal repositories are the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert, the Morgan Library, and two private individuals in England.) Of books once in Walpole's library, important because many of them contain marginal comments in his hand, about ten per cent, or seven hundred, have been located; of these Lewis has five hundred and thirty. He owns several hundred items of the Strawberry Hill Press, many more than exist in any other one place. Of the original contents of Strawberry Hill, excluding letters and prints and including furniture, drawings, books, objects of art, and what not, he has more than all other owners put together. The collection has become well known all over the scholarly world, and receives truly extraordinary consideration and assistance from museums, libraries, dealers, and private owners.

Even with these unique advantages, however, the task of editing seven thousand letters with full notes, indices, and introductions is a Herculean one, comparable to the largest ever devoted to a single individual and far beyond any work dealing with one person's correspondence. All the surviving originals, except those owned by Lewis, that is some four thousand five hundred letters, had to be photostated; they are all transscribed, then indexed and annotated, then proof read. In seven years eight volumes have been published, which is pretty good going, and the rate will increase now that method and style are established. The whole series will run to about fifty volumes. Five of them will contain the general index which will make the edition invaluable as a work of reference; in addition there is to be an index for each correspondence. At least ten notes accompany a letter of any length; most of them have more, some many more. The index entries out-number the notes. Fifty volumes, more than twenty thousand pages, something like ten million words, every one of them on parade, so to speak, where every omission and error will not merely impair the value of the work but is liable to be pounced upon with the regretful triumph dear to scholars, not merely this year or next, but for all time. No wonder the Lewis head shows (it must be admitted) silver threads among the black.

When faced with the task of scholarly editing on a grand scale Lewis found, to his surprise, that there were no generally accepted precedents and he would have to devise his own methods. He was helped in this by an advisory board consisting of about fifteen scholars, librarians, and collectors in this country and England. Two major decisions were made at the start, though not without prolonged discussion. The first was to publish the letters by correspondences, and not chronologically, thus returning, curiously enough, to the method of Walpole's first editor, Mary Berry. The second was to "normalize" the spelling and the idiosyncrasies of the period, reduce the language, in other words, to its modern form. Both these decisions, according to Lewis, have been amply justified by the event.

As the general method of editing is in some respects unique, it may be worth a short description. After the originals and photostats of a given correspondence are assembled each letter is typed in duplicate. The fair copy is put away; the carbon is sent to the assistant editor who deals with that particular correspondence. He goes through all the letters, underlining items for annotation in blue and items for index entries in red. The latter are typed on cards, which the assistant editor keeps in his office. The notes are typed on yellow paper, and submitted to Lewis in batches, for correction and verification. Every time he goes to New Haven he takes down a brief-case full of these yellow sheets to the assistant editor and bears back another sheaf with him; this is what he calls his "home work." It is made easier for him by the fact that his library contains all the necessary works of reference. When the notes are complete they are assembled with the original typescript of their appropriate letters and sent to the printer. The completed index is typed from the cards and sent separately.

The assistant editors, who are given working space in the Yale Library, are naturally most important links in the chain. Up to the present there have been four of them. First there is Warren Hunting Smith, who worked on the du Deffand correspondence and will now start in on that of Sir Horace Mann, the longest of all, which will fill twelve volumes. Dr. Smith was also entrusted with the editorship of the "Miscellaneous Antiquity" of 1938; as a sort of holiday job it set forth some correspondence, partly unpublished, covering the tragic comedy of Mme. du Deffand and Julie de Lespinasse. A. Dayle Wallace subedited the Cole Correspondence and is now at work on that of Miss Berry. George L. Lam is working on the Gray Correspondence; later he will probably assist Smith on Mann. Ralph S. Brown is in charge of the correspondence with George Montagu; he will be lost to Lewis on its completion, as he is trained for the law and intends to practise it. These, of course, are apart from the staff of photographers and typists, who have numbered about twenty in all, though the usual number working at one time fluctuates between four and nine.

Lewis lives in a house of Revolutionary date in Farmington Main Street, with superb original woodwork and a modern fireproof addition for his library and workroom. He has wisely refrained from introducing any Strawberry Hill gothic into the ensemble. He oscillates busily and happily between Farmington and New Haven several times a week, and remains as unspoiled by his laurels as he is undaunted by his responsibilties. He also remains, I rejoice to state, a good Beauclericte.

Lewis has, among other gifts, a knack of genial impertinence. Without doubt this gift has stood him in

(*Continued on page* 18)

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Chains for the Future

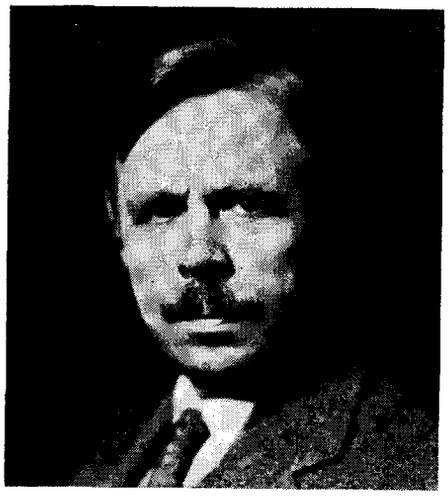
WHAT GERMANY FORGOT. By James T. Shotwell. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 152 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

IN years gone by, Germans and their foreign friends were wont to submerge the disputes arising between their respective nations in copious steins of beer and loud agreement that the Treaty of Versailles was responsible for Europe's troubles. It was an easy solution, but a delusive and dangerous one. It masked fundamental truths, stimulated German hatred of the erstwhile conquerors, hastened the destruction of the Weimar Republic by Nazis and Nationalists who used it as a psychological weapon, and lent purpose to the revival of German militarism as a hypothetical corrective for the evil treaty status.

Under the impact of recent events, the unmeasured condemnation of the Treaty which used to be fashionable in so many quarters is being noticeably modified. There is no disposition to regard the 1919 settlement as an ideal arrangement. But as Professor Shotwell points out, it is important to place the blame for Germany's difficulties where it belongs, if we are to remedy them in the future. Drawing on the vast collection of material in the Economic and Social History of the World War series, of which he was editor, Dr. Shotwell emphasizes the fact that not the Treaty but the losses and dislocation induced by the war itself were mainly responsible for the plight of the Reich. The struggle left Germany an exhausted nation, in command of an expanded but depreciated and distorted industrial structure without adequate markets. Physical reconstruction was quickly accomplished. But the chaos in the field of finance and credit was another matter. War loans constituted a mortgage on future production; war costs could only be met by reserving a portion of Germany's future output to pay for resources that had long since been fired away into the air. This was the burden which fostered the German inflation, the illusory recovery of the twenties, and the ultimate financial and political collapse.

Here lies the root cause of Germany's ills. The legend that Germany was defeated by a "stab in the back" at home, and held down by a crushing burden of reparations—largely offset by foreign loans to Germany—will not bear close analysis. To be sure, the post-war conduct of the Allies, as exemplified in the invasion of the Ruhr and the failure to disarm, intensified German difficulties. But the fault in these instances, Professor Shotwell argues, cannot be attributed to the peacemakers. By preparing for the war of 1939 through vitriolic abuse of the Versailles *Diktat,* the Nazis did not cast off the servitudes imposed by the Paris Peace Conference. They are creating new servitudes for the future in the shape of the deadly fruits of modern militarism. They are using war to satisfy grievances which will ultimately be intensified by war. Not they alone, but all the world, will suffer.



James T. Shotwell

Since this is a lesson which cannot be too often reiterated, "What Germany Forgot" is as timely as it is instructive for American readers. Many of them will feel that Professor Shotwell has whitewashed the Versailles settlement a bit too thoroughly, especially in his explanation of the meaning of the "war guilt" clause. They will classify the harsher portions of the Treaty as additional costs of the war, in the sense that these were engendered by the hatred born of conflict and are prominent on the terrible bill now being presented to all Europe for payment. The decline of Europe cannot be attributed exclusively to a Treaty, a few men, or even to economic factors alone. It reflects the totality of maladjustment in our existing order. In evaluating some of the principal elements involved, Professor Shotwell has performed a notable service.

Who's Healthy Now?

HEIL HUNGER! HEALTH UNDER HITLER. By Martin Gumpert. New York: Alliance Book Corp. 1940. 128 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by TONI STOLPER

IN Dr. Gumpert's own words, the purpose of this brief study is "to destroy by means of facts the legend of the power-radiating healthfulness of the Third Reich. . . . It seeks to demonstrate clearly that Fascism produces not health, but sickness, that it is the unhealthiest and most unwholesome system ever born in the brain of man." It seems from this wording that the author first had a conviction and then looked around for the facts to corroborate it. This he did very diligently, mostly among genuine Nazi sources, but frequently in American or refugee reports about Nazi sources. What results is a startling picture of rapidly rising sickness, and rapidly decaying health service, of growing alcoholism, lunacy, and suicide, of the various medical symptoms of harassing overwork and undernourishment, even—against all expectations—of decreasing birth rate and rising death rate. A student trained in statistical skepticism may, however, find all through the book that Dr. Gumpert has failed to give full statistical proof of his contention that the German nation generally is is on the verge of physical collapse.

Many of the statistical data seem to lack body and conciseness to warrant taking them at face value. Just when the reader begins to be impressed and to ponder the implications of the many revealing quotations from German medical, army, and party periodicals, he is irked by being given a ready-made interpretation which frequently runs counter to his own intellectual discernment. It seems unfortunate that in trying to bring the American public in touch with important facts from the censorship countries, too many European commentators have not yet learned the simple truth that they mar their intended effects by applying methods only applicable in the censorship countries themselves. Wherever the public is used to being given the facts as they are, even inconclusive facts will be much more impressive when pointed out in all their limitations.

With these restrictions this study of the German health situation can be well recommended, even more for the revealing quotations from German internal discussions than for the statistical material (although many figures are appalling enough, as for instance the increase in tuberculosis, venereal diseases, all kinds of chil-

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dren's infections, puerperal fever, etc.). One is left with the distinct impression that the Nazi regime sets a fearful drain on the biological resources of the overburdened nations under its domination, and that at the same time it lets the humane forces to heal these deficiencies wither away. But every lover of truth is to be warned not to believe the chapter heads and the title, which is in poor taste anyhow. Undoubtedly there are many shortages in the German food situation as compared with an ideally balanced diet or with American standards. But Dr. Gumpert says nothing to prove that the rations do not contain the minimum of required calories or that they are not available, which surely was the case in the last three years of the World War. The overconfident talk about German hunger, collapse, decay is premature and should be dropped.

The Odyssey of One J. Beatty

AMERICANS ALL OVER. By Jerome Beatty. New York: The John Day Co. 1940. 424 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

IT was just two years ago that Jerome Beatty and his charming wife, Dorothea—"two starry-eyed innocents"—started on what Beatty says "must have been the best assignment any reporter ever had."

That is a masterpiece of understatement. Jerry's was the best assignment ever conceived by a bibulous reporter during his most imaginative dreams. Moreover, he carried it out to the complete satisfaction of this reviewer's hyper-critical taste.

DeWitt Wallace, Editor of the *Reader's Digest,* was the angel. With the casualness for which he is noted among scriveners who have been privileged to do profitable business with him, Mr. Wallace telephoned Jerome Beatty one night and suggested that he and Mrs. Beatty go wandering around the world, Mr. Beatty to find ten unsung Americans who were distinguishing themselves among the polyglot peoples of the universe. Their accomplishments would then be recorded by Mr. Beatty in a series of articles for the *Reader's Digest.*

"When Stanley went after Livingstone," says Mr. Beatty, "he knew, lucky Henry, that there *was* such a man. But my assignment was to wander around the world kicking furiously through the underbrush and yelling, 'Hi-yo Americans!' in the hope of flushing obscure and interesting ones."

Beatty spent fifteen months traveling 46,500 miles, found fourteen Americans whose magnificent adventures in foreign lands justified a series of penetrating vignettes of the kind for which he is justifiably noted. Most of these pieces have appeared in American periodicals and been reprinted in condensed form by the *Reader's Digest,* but in "Americans All Over" Beatty has woven them into as fascinating a yarn as I have ever read.

There is no pretense to high adventure in "Americans All Over"; instead, Beatty relates the misadventures which beset a couple of amateur travelers along the highways and byways and into the back of beyond, although Dorothea had to abandon the trip when it was half over because of a son's illness at home. There were comedies of errors, of course, because the Beattys could speak no language but English and knew nothing about exploration.

Beatty's search for interesting Americans took him into the furnace which is Muscat, smoldering on the Arabian shores of the Gulf of Oman; from the dank Ituri jungle of the Congo Belge to the white coral-sand beaches of Fiji; from Piccadilly Circus to Asyut, Trivandrum, and Zamboango, with detours to the somnolent Sechelles, bomb-blasted Chungking, and wherenot. Nobody could have done a more entertaining job with the material he gathered.

Mr. and Mrs. Beatty visit the Pyramids.

During my wanderings through Africa last year, we frequently picked up the Beattys' "spoor." The *Reader's Digest,* which you will find in the most outlandish places, had preceded us into the Belgian Congo. At Elizabethville we heard people discussing his article about Putnam, the Harvard graduate in anthropology, who runs a dude ranch among the pygmy cannibals, witch doctors, and Leopard Men of the dense and dangerous Ituri forest, which lies to the north. At Broken Hill, in Northern Rhodesia, a resident asked if we knew "this chap Beatty." At Dar-es-Salaam there were well-thumbed copies of Beatty articles in The Club, and Major "Tommy" Nicoll, head of Tanganyika's C.I.D., waxed enthusiastic over them, more particularly because he had met the author when Jerry had passed through Mombasa some months before. In Kenya, the Nairobi residents were looking forward to Beatty articles, and we heard about their Christmas, when Dorothea had a toothache, and got mixed up with the lions.

Aside from their consuming interest, the 14 personality stories which Beatty wrote for the *Digest,* and which help to form the mosaic of "Americans All Over," had practical results. Most of them inspired sympathetic readers to send useful contributions to his long-ignored subjects, who, for the most part, have struggled along in the backwashes of civilizations for decades with little material assistance and barely more subsistence than bad water, fetid air, and the sweet cud of reflection over work done well and selflessly.

Although "Americans All Over" contains many critical comments about the peoples and customs of all lands covered, Beatty never loses his sense of humor. He reveals himself as a keen observer and an adaptable traveller, who through experience has learned to comprehend the fundamental differences in the social points of view of many nationalities. But this has served only to accentuate his Americanism.

"Early in the trip," he writes, "an Englishman told me we Americans had an inferiority complex and I hotly denied it. Now I realize what he meant, and that he was right. We have absolutely no appreciation of our importance and strength. . . . The United States is the only *really* free country on earth. . . ."

And, as I always do, too, Jerome Beatty thanked his lucky stars for the privilege of being able to return to it.

Linton Wells is a traveler and newspaper correspondent whose journeyings have taken him to all parts of the world, and who has written numerous books.

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Hurricane Farm

FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD. By Frances Gaither. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1940. 270 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANK DANIEL

MR. LITTLEBERRY, the overseer of Hurricane farm, told the slaves Mr. Joe had come there to build him a house. But Poldo, the headman of the field hands, soon learned the real reason for Mr. Joe's presence. He was an abolitionist, and he explained how by following the North Star a runaway slave might reach the Ohio River, whence he would be conveyed to freedom. The North Star was easy to find in the sky, off there in a line with two stars forming the Big Dipper—the Drinking Gourd, the Alabama Negroes called it.

Poldo would never have thought of running away if his wife, Yellow Mary, hadn't schemed for that free nigger Antoine to buy her. After Mary left, Poldo found farm life insupportable, though Hurricane had certainly improved under Mr. Littleberry's management. "Not that he tried to bring the place up to what it had been. Worn out land was worn out land. Plantations no older than this one were being sold all around." Hurricane itself belonged to a bank, though once it had been Mas John Austen's. Mas John had bought the new acreage along the Alabama River when his older Georgia plantation became less productive. He sent an overseer and thirty-nine Negro slaves to clear and farm the land.

"Follow the Drinking Gourd" is concerned with this colony of slaves and the farm which becomes their home, though memories of their Georgia life persist even after Mas John and then Mas Robbie are dead and gone. Poldo is the best product of such an arrangement—of the rare contact with the gentler bred owners who leave their slaves, their crops, their fields under the hard daily authority of one unsatisfactory overseer and then another. Somehow Poldo has learned to think, to feel, to evaluate; he all but realizes his own superiority to the poor white class who is the despised agent of the slaveholder.

Frances Gaither's novel realizes admirably the sentiments of her slaves and of the whites who control their destinies. There is broad sympathy in her representation of the difficulties besetting them, the sheer impracticability of the slave system. Hurricane farm, for all its rich new soil, for all its willing slaves, never makes a profit. It provides security for neither

Frances Gaither

owner, overseer, nor slave. When Mas Robbie inherited Hurricane, after a dozen years of farming, some of its fields were already exhausted and eroded. Mas Robbie was himself enslaved. He had planned to free his Negroes, but he found he couldn't; money had been borrowed on them. And though the Austens boasted that they never sold a slave, Long Sam and his wife and his three children had to go to satisfy the creditors. Mas Robbie's predicament did not continue long; the cholera which broke out in the humble slave quarters claimed his life.

Mrs. Gaither's feeling for character, for region, for situation are alike in authenticity, and her novel is fertile with the three qualities. She presents the economical wastefulness of slavery, and its inimical effect on all concerned—even upon the land where the institutions were scarcely questioned. She tells how slaves are penalized even for loyalty, and the masters for their very solicitude.

Munich in Fiction

SIXTEEN DAYS. By Hans Habe. Translated by Basil Creighton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1940. 379 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

WHEN a gray two-seater and a large black sedan collided just beneath the balcony of the Hotel de Russie in Geneva, on the 15th of September, 1938, the curtain rose on a drama within a drama. For the world at large that September date marked the beginning of a period of almost intolerable tension that would be known to history as the Munich crisis. For the occupants of the two cars—Anton von Römer in the one; Walter Hagenauer and his wife, Vera, in the other—the collision was the beginning of an equally crucial period of personal stress and strain. "Sixteen Days" is the story of a crisis within a crisis, of the action of the greater upon the less and the resolution of them both.

Fate decreed that Anton and Vera should meet and love in an hour when Europe seemed immediately committed to the abyss of war. By that seeming fact their actions were determined; by subsequent events that falsified every expectation their tragedy was dictated. A world prepared for war found itself condemned to a peace that was no peace; a world resigned to death—eager even for the release that it offered—found itself condemned to life. Anton and Vera, who had behaved as though a world were ending, awoke in a world that was going on. The reprieve was shameful, the emotional collapse complete. Vera, who could stand up to war, could not stand up to peace. There was but one way for her to take, and her bemused, apparently aimless wanderings through the streets and cafes of Geneva, on the night of September 30th, symbolize the experience of a generation that suddenly felt itself betrayed, lost, and doomed when presented with the gift of "peace in our time."

For Anton von Römer the problem of love was interwoven, during those sixteen days, with the problem of patriotism. He was a German, and he was in Geneva as the representative of a German chemical company, but he loathed the leader whom his half-brother followed with fanatical devotion, and to him the activities of the Nazis were not evidence of a national resurgence, as they were to his imperialistic father, but tragic proof of national degradation. When Anton fell in love with Vera he fell in love with the wife of a man who was all Nazi. In Walter Hagenauer, Hitler-worshipper and diplomatic spy, Anton saw embodied the forces that were exploiting, plundering, and destroying his native land; the forces against which Germany's enemies must fight, from which Germany herself must be saved. Where did his duty lie? What course did true patriotism prescribe? Realization that he could not fight on the side of the new Germany involved a grave decision; determination to fight against it required one still graver. His contact with Hagenauer, and their relationship, doubtless hastened his thinking, but it did not shape or direct it. Professor Wendelin, the wise Jew-

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ish refugee, furnished a shoulder on which he could lean; but Anton was almost ready to stand alone. The crisis that ended with Munich served only to show him where he already stood.

"Sixteen Days" is a powerful and thoughtful novel that must command respect as a genuine literary achievement in a field that is cluttered with merely tendentious fiction. That Hans Habe is as just to Hagenauer as he is to Anton and Vera—that he makes the Nazi husband's tragedy as real as theirs, that he actually makes us feel with and for a man who incarnates all that he considers evil and repellent—is proof of his integrity and strength as a novelist. This is literature, as opposed to journalism or propaganda.

Hans Habe, a Hungarian, whose father fought for Germany in the war of 1914-18, is now on active service as No. 692 in the French Foreign Legion.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

(*Continued from page* 10)

erary movement then in Dublin and the lectures and public addresses by the chief literary figures turned out some of the best literary scholars I have ever met. Even those who did not become writers knew literature both as the creator knows it and the scholar knows it. Italian, which Herbert Gorman describes as a Cinderella language in Ireland, was extensively studied in the old regime, especially by the girl students, partly owing to the eighteenth-century tradition which persisted.

The Dublin that James Joyce left and which Herbert Gorman describes as a "parochial civilization," was then, and for years afterwards, a literary capital, and no group that he was familiar with afterwards was equal to what he had gone from—the Dublin of Yeats, George Moore, Synge, Lady Gregory, A.E., John Butler Yeats, Edward Dowden, and of the beginnings of the Irish Theatre. Herbert Gorman's reference to Synge—"Synge would thrust his dark, crude face across the table and talk volubly," is nonsense: Synge's was one of the most subtly organized and nervous faces I have ever seen, being rather like the face of the Fritz Kreisler of twenty-five years ago. He never talked volubly, being rather noted for his taciturnity, and was not, as Herbert Gorman writes, "argumentative to the point of rudeness." It is true that the Dublin publisher broke his contract with Joyce about "Dubliners" as the American publisher broke, or sidestepped his contract with Dreiser about "Sister Carrie." It is lamentable, but in commercial publishing such things are bound to happen, and in those days in the English-speaking world, publishers were notoriously puritanical. But we must remember that France took action against both Baudelaire and Flaubert, and Flaubert got out of his difficulty through the influence of the Empress Eugénie. James Joyce eventually got out of his publishing difficulties through the influence of the Zeitgeist. He is wrong, too, about the part taken by Padraic Colum in the matter of "Dubliners." His concern was to get a legal backing that would further its publication. Unfortunately the lawyer he went to, the well-known Tom Kettle, could not guarantee the innocuousness of passages in the book. The sentence attributed to Padraic Colum is mythical.

Herbert Gorman seems inclined to adopt the attitude of a prosecuting attorney who has to put up a case. It looks as if he desired to present people as being against Joyce and Joyce's books. For a work that was so much of an innovation the marvelous thing is the number of accomplished, understanding, and appreciative reviews "Ulysses" received. It was enormously difficult for even the instructed reader at the time, and its reception in America was surprisingly intelligent. Herbert Gorman has entirely excluded from consideration the discoveries of psycho-analysis on Joyce's work after "Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man." Freud is powerful in "Ulysses" and Jung and his theories of racial memory in "Finnegans Wake." "Finnegans Wake," does not, as Herbert Gorman says, take its title from an old Irish ballad: the ballad, "Finnegans Wake" is an Irish-American music-hall song of comparatively recent vintage. It is true that James Joyce, living in a neutral country during the war, got into difficulties with the British propagandists, but so did every other Irish writer living in a neutral country. It is true that envious attacks were made on Joyce, and one especially in a Catholic periodical in New York was peculiarly malevolent. But on the whole and considering everything he had has good friends and wise appreciators. It should be added that in spite of its bias and its lack of generosity and even justice, and its imperfect comprehension of the Irish background, this is an intelligent book and has the advantage of a first-hand knowledge of the subject and his ideas.

Design against Living

THE FUGITIVE. By John Grane. Translated from the German by Trevor & Phyllis Blewitt. New York: Harper & Brother. 1940. 300 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by MARIANNE HAUSER

HERE is a book on Nazi Germany written with neither bitterness nor sentimentality. Grane does not use his novel as a lecture platform. He tells the desperate story of a desperate human being, and he tells it with tact and graphic simplicity. In England "The Fugitive" is published under the title of "The Man Who Took Trains."

Silbermann, a Jewish businessman, has managed to escape the pogroms of 1938. Unable to go abroad, he flees from one German city to another. He spends weeks aimlessly taking trains. Senselessly his life moves along the iron tracks of a huge concentration camp. He knows he is trapped and he keeps on escaping. Decent, naive somehow, he believes in human rights. Even when he is driven insane by his fear and locked up in an asylum, he goes on believing in them.

Grane has not invented Silbermann as a device to show the horrors of Nazi Germany. None of the characters in the book is sacrificed to the political background. In this Grane differs agreeably from a great number of more skillful but less honest novelists. His realism lies in the truthfulness of his characterizations. The people around Silbermann are surprisingly true, even the Nazis who commit beastly crimes and still remain human beings, blinded or demoralized by a monstrous regime.

Grane writes unpretentiously. His artistic quality and strength lie in his simplicity. The style is concise, bare of irrelevancies. Silbermann's story moves swifty, at his own frenzied pace, and ends dramatically on an ironic note. In the insane asylum, which is his final and inescapable stopping place, he shares his cell with the Nazi Schwartz. When his mad cellmate starts to chant, "Out with the Jews!", the shouting is taken up by other lunatics. I am quoting the final scene which seems to me one of the most poignant in the book:

> Silbermann got up.
> "I refuse to stay here," he said. "I'm going on—I'm going away. There's a train leaving for Aix at seven—one at eight ten for Nuremberg—one at nine twenty for Hamburg—one at ten o'clock for Dresden. . . ."
> "That's just your dodge," said Schwartz with conviction.
> "Come along, join in the shouting. Out with the Jews. . . . "

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"DES IMAGISTES"

(*Continued from page 4*)

ready growing offensive to fascist nostrils. But if we lost Ezra, we gained a much greater writer, D. H. Lawrence. The whole credit for this is due to Amy, who suggested that we should ask him to join us. As Lawrence was already publishing in the Georgian anthologies, the situation looked delicate. Most fortunately Lawrence was such an individualist that he didn't care a hoot about groups and their principles. I daresay he thought it was all poppycock.

I have one or two vivid memories of that evening when I first met Lawrence. It was the end of a sunny tranquil July day, and if we had only known, the end of tranquillity in Europe for many a long and bitter year. There were several people in Amy's large private sitting room, where the Austrian waiters (already called to the colors) were setting out an elaborate dinner table with an ominously quiet deftness. For some reason I sat apart at an open window, looking down on the endless traffic of Piccadilly and the warm, golden light over the park. At the corner of the Ritz just opposite was a newspaper stand with a flaring placard: "Germany and Russia at War, Official." As I sat there men and boys came rushing along Piccadilly with hoarse shouts: "Special Edition. Extra." Someone tossed a bundle of papers and posters to the news man. The placard read: "British Army Mobilized."

Until that moment I had felt certain that England would not be involved in these senseless European squabbles. What on earth had they to do with us? But that mobilization poster was a first stab of doubt. I looked back at the room where friendly people were talking unhurriedly of civilized things—French poetry, the Russian ballets, Stravinski. At that moment the door opened, and a tall, slim young man, with bright red hair and the most brilliant blue eyes, came in with a lithe-springing step. As a rule I don't remember peoples' eyes, but I shall not forget Lawrence's—they were such startling evidence of a vivid, flame-like spirit. Before Amy could start the introductions he said quickly:

"I say, I've just been talking to Eddie Marsh, and he's most depressing. He says we shall be in the war."

Eddie was then private secretary either to the Prime Minister or to Winston Churchill, I forget which, but he was certainly in a position to have real knowledge. There was a slight pause, and then somebody said: "Oh, nonsense." We all said it was nonsense. Did we all believe that? I know I had a sickening feeling of doubt. But a few minutes later dinner began, and we forgot all about war.

The sales of the new Imagist anthologies greatly exceeded our hopes. If I ever knew, I've forgotten what they were. But I do remember one unexpectedly large check representing my sixth share, and it seems to me that we must have sold about twenty thousand copies of the first two. I may be wrong in my calculations, but anyway the anthologies were widely read, and Amy kept the publicity going with superb generalship. But she did one thing I can't approve. She published her "Critical Fable" anonymously and then broadly insinuated that it was in fact written by Leonard Bacon. This was putting a gentleman on the spot with a vengeance, especially since Mr. Bacon highly disapproved of the Imagists. He either had to prove the lady a liar or labor under the imputation of denying his most cherished principles. It would have served Amy right if he had walked up and down outside her home in Brookline with a striker's placard: "Amy Lowell Unfair to Leonard Bacon."

By way of insinuating that the Imagists were merely an unimportant

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—NEW YORK TIMES

FRONTIER DOCTOR

By Urling C. Coe

A swift-moving, graphic account of the author's experiences in a boom town of the last American frontier. As a general practitioner among cattle thieves, vigilantes, cattle rustlers, cowboys and Indians, Dr. Coe *lived* the exciting story he tells. Elemental, spiced with robust wit, it is entertaining, veracious Americana of high order.

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clique, Ezra raked together a number of easily forgotten poets in a Catholic Anthology. Apart from causing astonishment and consternation to a few pious people, this compilation achieved nothing in particular. When America came into the war in 1917, Amy decided that we had better quit and each go his own way. The Imagist "movement" ended then, and it was left to others to carry on.

In 1929 my modern young friend, Walter Lowenfels, suggested to me in Paris that I ought to get out another Imagist anthology. Of course, I knew Walter thought the Imagists were dead as mutton and that his suggestion was ironical. I promptly took a taxi to the cable office, and as I had just published a novel which was a best-seller I had no difficulty in selling the non-existent book in New York and London within two days. I confess I felt a little perturbed at what I had done. However, I got to work; Ford and H.D. labored nobly; and "The Imagist Anthology, 1930" contained poems from everyone who had ever contributed before, except poor Amy who was no longer with us, Skipwith Cannell whom we couldn't trace, and Ezra who was sulky. Ford wrote one of his genial introductions, and we sold several thousand copies between the two countries.

And that, I fancy, was the original and unforgivable sin of Imagist poetry—people bought it.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 311)

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS:
IN OTHER WORDS

When everywhere and roundabout,
From coast to coast and vicy-versy,
The candidates will speak and spout,
Sans fear and mercy,—

. . . . . I demand a word
A message to this Glorious Nation;
I crave the right of being heard
On Conservation!

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LESLIE FORD
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THE AMATEUR PROFESSIONAL

(*Continued from page* 12)

good stead, on occasion, with the high-born Britons who own a large part of the Walpole material to which he has had to get access. The English like Americans to be free and easy, as long as they don't really overstep. But Lewis would never make the mistake of trying on such an attitude until the right moment came.

In the course of many years' experience he has developed a very useful technique in approaching exalted owners. When faithfully followed he says it never fails. Its first principle is never to approach an owner as a complete stranger, no matter how much scholarly interest you show. Always get an introduction from a personal friend; after that the doors open as if by magic.

One item has hitherto defied Lewis's powers of exploration, and that is the seven drawings by Lady Di Beauclerc mentioned above. Probably they still exist, but they have been lost sight of since the sale of 1842. Lewis has not yet been able to ransack the attics of the original purchaser's heirs, but I back him to find them, in time.

One thing that makes Lewis see red, with some justification, is a tendency to describe Walpole as an "elegant trifler," which even in the present age of enlightenment still crops up. Strawberry Hill and the "Castle of Otranto" may be described as elegant trifling, perhaps, but they were the kind of trifling that has long since passed into the text-books, and whose repercussions are still heard after nearly two centuries. For the rest, Lewis thinks that Walpole's scholarship, thoroughness, and industry should be sufficiently obvious by this time, especially as the writers that jeer at him have invariably and patently depended on his works. Macaulay was very hard on Walpole, but in his day there was more excuse, the extent of Walpole's labors being unknown.

Lewis is distinctly not a romantic; not for him are the heights, the depths, the solitudes, and the wildernesses. Standing outside his Farmington house one day he observed that what he liked best about the view was a scar on the hill where the new Hartford road was being cut through. "I don't give a hang for nature," he said, "until the Hand of Man gets busy on it." This is in line with his sympathy for the Age of Reason. But he is just as far from any sentimental, foggy-brained delusions about the desirability of living in the century of his major interests. It would be hard to find anyone with a keener appreciation of such things as tiled showers and motor cars, and his tennis court, which looks at first glance like an oversized birdcage painted green, is one of the best in Connecticut.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER WITHOUT CLUES *Joseph L. Bonney* (Carrick & Evans: $2.)	Simon Rolfe, antiholmsian crime analyst, solves, by his own abracadabra, slayings of two hapless New Yorkers.	Without extinguishing immortal Sherlock story manages to be amusing, thrilling, and barring occasional slip, expertly built. Narrator Watson satisfactorily dumb.	Good hunting
DEATH DOWN EAST *Eleanor Blake* (Putnam: $2.)	Girl who upsets romance at snooty New England coast resort diabolically despatched. Others follow but Mark Crosby ultimately nails killer.	Packed to gunnels with emotion, and sleuth's delvings reveal some quite unpretty pasts. Murder method cleverly developed.	Commendable
THE CASE OF THE BAITED HOOK *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Acceptance of masked client pronto plunges Perry Mason into murder case of sorts. All twelve cylinders start working.	Plot involves some expert double-crossing, blackmail, baby-farming, and slick stock-jobbery—cleaned up swiftly by needle-sharp deducing.	Thirty-third Degree
DEATH OVER SUNDAY *James Francis Bonnell* (Scribner's: $2.)	Greek blackmailer slain in Long Island mansion. Lawyer-guest, Mike Powel, points the finger.	Damatos is no Dimitrios. Story almost suspenseless. Motivations flimsy. But author shows mystery writing potentialities.	Dull

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The New Books

Biography

THREE PORTRAITS: HITLER, MUSSOLINI AND STALIN. By Emil Ludwig. Alliance Book Corporation. 1940. 127 *pp.* $1.50.

Emil Ludwig has a facile pen. His talent for popularizing biographies has aroused the admiration of some, and the envy of other, writers. This time he once more gives proof of this gift. With broad, sure strokes he sketches the pictures of the three dictators who have kept Europe on edge these many years. There is Hitler, the thwarted artist and ne'er-do-well, striving continuously to realize his ego, unbalanced and mystical; in contrast to him, Il Duce, a man of iron will and tremendous energy, rational and something of a philosopher; critical and inquisitive; and finally, unlike his two fascist counterparts, Stalin, retiring and devoid of brilliance, but cool, crafty, and patient, preferring to pull the strings behind the scenes.

The portrait of Hitler seems the least satisfactory. In this instance Mr. Ludwig appears unable to retain a certain detachment necessary to good biographical writing. His chapter on the Fuehrer partakes more of a passionate indictment than a biography, and contributes little to a knowledge of Hitler's character. To characterize the Fuehrer as a madman is not particularly helpful, and hardly explains how he has been able to keep his hold on such a large proportion of the German people.

Mr. Ludwig cannot wholly conceal his admiration for Mussolini whom he considers "the most interesting statesman" he has met in Europe. He is inclined to regard Il Duce as a benevolent, if rather cynical, dictator who somehow has been led from the straight and narrow path by the wiles of Hitler. Mussolini's conversion to Nazi racialism leaves Mr. Ludwig confounded. He believes it was Hitler's price "for signing a great contract for the delivery of ores and other things which Mussolini direly needed." One wonders what ores the Fuehrer could have delivered in order to make Il Duce cast out the Jews!

J. C. DE W.

Fiction

RED LANTERNS ON ST. MICHAEL'S. By Thornwell Jacobs. Dutton. 1940. 670 *pp.* $2.50.

Compared to the magnolious inhabitants of this latest Confederate *epos,* Scarlett O'Hara came straight from Tobacco Road. Were you under the impression that novel and screen, these past years, had given you a pretty heady dose of Southern Comfort? Boy, you ain't seen nothing yet. Come over to Allohwestee and meet General Peronneau Creston, with his twenty acres of peach-orchard, his Arab, American Indian, and Chinese retainers, his hundred and twenty-nine utterly happy slaves, and a conversational style that could floor the author of "St. Elmo." And had you, perhaps any lingering feeling left that the unblest regions north of the Mason and Dixon line had any contribution to make to the U. S. A., past, present, or future? You'll learn how wrong you were.

The thesis of Mr. Jacobs's book might be reduced to a single declarative sentence—Charleston did it all. Charleston won the Revolution, started the Union, made the Republic, fought the Civil War, and produced, in its high period, the one perfect and genteel civilization. For 670 pages the point is hammered and hammered, till, near the end, after the fall of the Confederacy the hero, Perry Poer White can cogitate mournfully, "Now there was to be no ruling caste and no Charleston, nor even a United States in the former sense of those words. And that, said John, is that. It really seems a pity, after such a diatribe, that the country has managed to stagger along at all.

To give Mr. Jacobs credit, he knows a good deal about local history and local legend. He can also, with perhaps more deadliness than he knows, expound a point of view that did exist among certain Southerners of the period he writes about—a point of view so self-sufficient and caste-conscious that it makes the utterances of the more violent secessionists seem mild and reasonable by comparison. As a novel, however, "Red Lanterns on St. Michael's" creaks with Victorian melodrama; as history, in the larger sense, its atavistic prejudice defeats its own ends. Nor does the lush, rambling style, full of such imitation gems as "the liverwort lifted purple lips from her warm bedding" assist the narrative. As a curiosity of literature, "Red Lanterns on St. Michael's" takes its place by "The Balsam Groves of Grandfather Mountain" and the late James B. Elmore's verse. It merely seems odd that it could have been published in the same month and year as Richard Wright's "Native Son."

S. V. B.

Miscellaneous

JACK AND JILL. By Ernest Weekley. Dutton. 1940. 193 *pp.* $1.50.

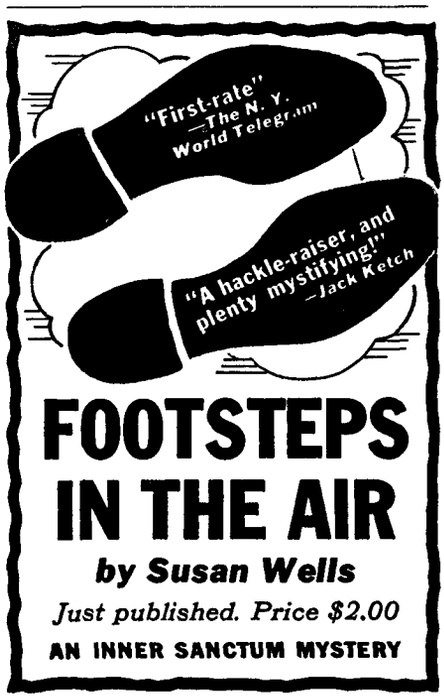
This is a wholly delightful study in the Christian names in English. The author brings to his task not only a wide knowledge of etymology and an illuminating quality of imagination, both of which are illustrated in his explanation that Anglo-Saxon names were formed from two elements, of the same sort and combined in the same way as in Greek, "so that Ethelbert is practically equivalent to Aristophanes." He has also an easy charm of manner, and a ranging historical knowledge, which enables him to offer parenthetical comments on such curious customs as the rise of the double, and, in the last century, the triple name (Charles John Huffam Dickens), or the doubling of the surname (Tennyson's Sir Aylmer Aylmer). His order is generally chronological, and reflects conquests, social changes, and religious movements, as the Anglo-Saxon names were relegated to the peasantry after the Conquest, and revived in the Romantic Revival. (You can tell that Ethelberta is an artificial revival; if it had struggled through the Middle Ages it would have contracted, as Etheldreda did into Audrey.) The small stock of Norman names (many of them Frankish doublets of Anglo-Saxon, but altered out of recognition till Mr. Weekley explains them) was reinforced by the names of the more popular saints. Then under the Commonwealth the Old Testament was laid under contribution, and the most grotesque Hebrew names, or those connected with the most unsavory episodes, Holofernes and Pharaoh, Dinah and Drusilla, were preferred. As he mentions a name Mr. Weekley traces its variants: Clovis is Louis, Rurik and Rodriguez have a common Frankish ancestor; Othello is Odo; Ivo is John. For any one interested in names at all, this is an ideal bedbook.

B. D.

Music

THE STATE OF MUSIC. By Virgil Thomson. William Morrow & Co. 1939. 250 *pp.* $2.75.

Midway in his singularly attaching book Mr. Thomson remarks cheerfully that "at Harvard and among the Nadia Boulanger coterie in Paris I am considered a graceless whelp, a frivolous mountebank, an unfair com-



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petitor, and a dangerous character"; the reason being that he dared to write simple melodic music, such as the score to Gertrude Stein's astounding "Four Saints in Three Acts" and the music for Pare Lorentz's documentary film, "The River," whereas the only accepted style in these circles was the dissonant and contrapuntal. Furthermore, he states flatly that "the high-pressure salesmanship that forced into the big orchestral concerts . . . music that was never intended for anything but prize-winning and the impressing of other musicians has given a black eye to all music written since 1918." It may be deduced from these remarks that Mr. Thomson's bump of reverence is small, and that he pulls no punches. He has, in fact, written a wise, witty, thoroughly informed and pleasantly hard-boiled study of music and most of the allied arts which is an almost unalloyed pleasure to read. This reviewer (who qualifies for the state of music because he "has visceral reactions to auditory stimuli" and can render Moszkowski's *Guitarre* on the pianoforte with considerable bravura and inaccuracy) could find one sentence only which seemed either obscure or overloaded.

E. F. W.

The Saturday Review discovers Mrs. Hillier:

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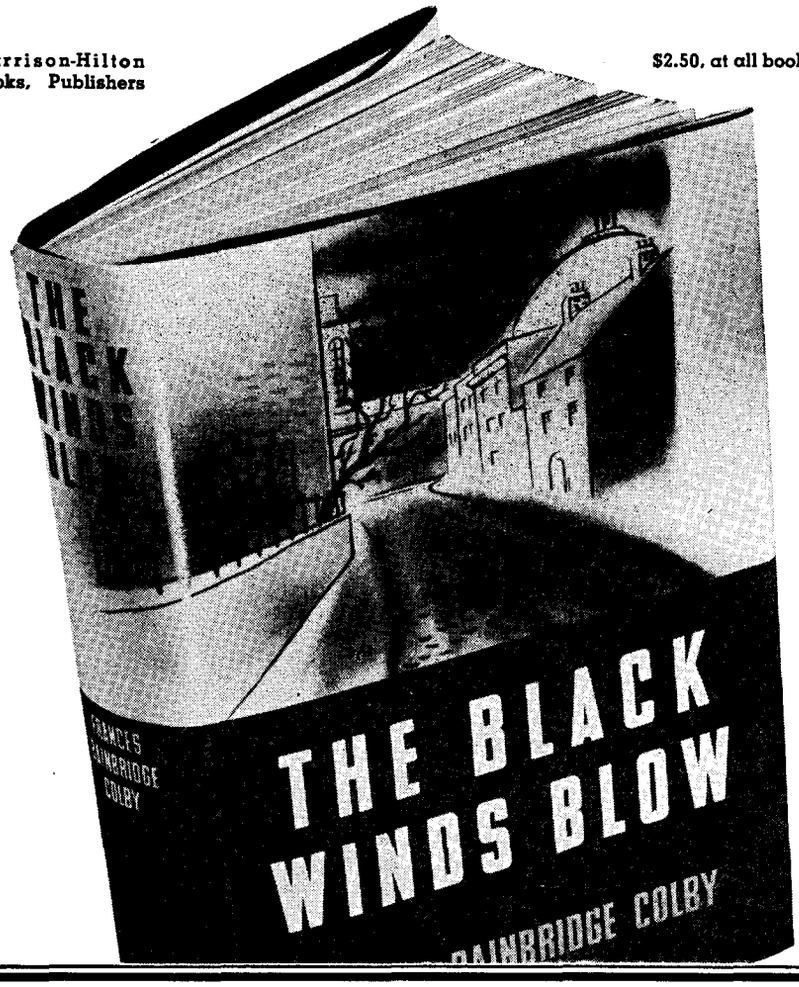

Science

THE HUMAN MEANING OF SCIENCE. By Arthur H. Compton. University of North Carolina Press. 1940. 88 *pp.* $1.

Here are three lectures presented at the University of North Carolina under the auspices of the McNair Foundation, titled respectively "Science, Religion, and Human Growth," "Human Freedom and Physical Law," and "The Need for God in an Age of Science." The author, an eminent physicist, deals ably with various points of contact between science and religion. In particular he resolves many apparent conflicts between the scientific and religious views of life, showing them to arise from misinterpretation of opposing viewpoints.

G. R. H.

Travel

BURMA ROAD. By Nicol Smith. Bobbs-Merrill. 1940. 333 *pp.* $3.50.

An extraordinary recent achievement in primitive engineering is the Burma Road, the "life-line of China." Following the old Marco Polo route from Kunming to Lashio, the highway was built in seven months by coolies working for the most part with bare hands and crude agricultural instruments. Cutting through jungled mountains for seven hundred and fifty miles, it is the one sure duct today for munitions bound to Chungking and the war, and therefore has been closed to all but a few foreign travelers. One of these was Nicol Smith, who traveled the road in both directions during the torrential monsoon of last July in the company of Kunming's American Consul.

Only a third of "Burma Road" is devoted to his own experiences along the highway, but what he tells and shows constitutes the first detailed report of the road's condition in the rains. The munitions trucks are getting through, but the road still takes its toll of life by landslides, washed-out bridges, and, worst of all, the malignant malaria which makes sections of it the most unhealthy places in the world.

Driving through seas of mud, living with barely-living coolies, fighting both cold and heat as he came down from the mountains, Nicol Smith saw one of the grimmest wonders of our day and has written of it with accuracy and wit. He minimizes nothing, nor does he exaggerate like so many young travelers the dangers he encountered. He is willing to admit that savages in North Burma have hymn books and that "lost" temples are covered with corrugated iron roofs; truth spoils no beauty for him. He ate bees fried in butter; he bought two gallons of tears; he visited Kochiu where fifty thousand children, mostly under fifteen years of age, slaved in the tin mines until their skins turned green, and where even the ten-year-olds smoke opium.

It is because of Mr. Smith's facility

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with the short story that his book reads so easily and makes vital a Chinese province which is only now being resurrected from the dead.

H. D.

THIS WAY SOUTHWARD. By A. F. Tschiffely. Norton. 1940. 354 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Travel books at best are by way of being a compromise with adventure; at second best they are a compromise with boredom. Mr. Tschiffely's present contribution to armchair wanderlust escapes boredom only by becoming more than a little irritating. The author has chosen an extremely interesting and little-known section of South America to write about—Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. There is rich material here, needing little more than the factual pen of a competent run-of-the-mill journalist to turn out a genuinely readable and interesting account of life and customs in the southernmost portion of the Americas. Here in the high pampas life has been slightly affected by the insanities of current civilization; there is still a rugged individualism in native habits and customs and thoughts. Fuegian Indians still supply the labor of the enormous sheep ranches of Tierra del Fuego; on the cattle ranches of Patagonia the true gaucho still holds sway.

Mr. Tschiffely, however, writes of his experiences with the stilted and self-conscious style of a politician writing for posterity, so that even with the highly interesting data and local color at his disposal he manages to make the reading of his book an irksome task. His insistence on sprinkling pages with native phrases (immediately followed with an English translation in parenthesis) is strongly reminiscent of parodies published in *Vanity Fair* in the twenties.

To repeat, this is unfortunate, for if one has the patience to overlook Mr. Tschiffely's quaint literary mannerisms there are some vastly entertaining glimpses into native life in Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego as a reward.

J. H. S.

CINCINNATI, STORY OF THE QUEEN CITY. By Clara Longworth de Chambrun. Scribners. 1939. 342 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

The titled daughter of the Longworths has written a brilliantly casual book about the city in which from earliest times hers has been a leading family. Parts of the book—and these the best parts—have the mellow quality that invests a narrative of personal recollections, supplemented by access to intimate family records and old letters. However, from these pages emerges the just and vivid picture of a city that is something more than a city. The tale of most American communities belongs in the encyclopedias and nowhere else. This is because, through most of the nineteenth century, it was the metropolis of the civilization that rose west of the Appalachians. To it came multitudes of men from the East, bringing with them ambition, conscious gifts, some pride of family. From it, in due time, came three American Presidents—the elder Harrison, Hayes, and Taft; two others, the younger Harrison and Grant, were reared in its hinterland.

The two best books about Cincinnati are by women—Frances Trollope's incomparable, and incomparably mean, "Domestic Manners of the Americans" (1832) and the Countess de Chambrun's delightful, and of course friendly, work.

C. B. F.

GUATEMALA: PAST & PRESENT. By Chester Lloyd Jones. The University of Minnesota Press. 1940. 420 *pp., with index.* $5.

The territory of the old captaincy-general of Guatemala, though it contains the richest archeological treasure in our hemisphere, much of its most spectacular scenery and native life, and an Elysian climate, has, from the time of the conquest, been touched by only straying eddies of the main stream of history, which passes to north and south of it. It was conquered by Spain in 1524, but the conquerors began drifting away to Mexico and Peru almost as soon as they arrived. The glint of gold that had first attracted them to it proved false, and its agricultural wealth meant little to men who were bent on quick riches and glory. Having little exportable wealth to contribute to the European coffers, Guatemala was excluded from the itinerary of the great trading fleets and promptly took rank among the least of the possessions of the Spanish crown. Since independence, which came to her almost unasked, Guatemala's main struggle has been to develop some exportable product that would admit her to respectable standing among the trading nations of the world. This has involved loans from abroad, graft, defaults, and a long century of political chaos such as can be matched in few other regions of the globe.

It is not strange that historians should have consistently neglected a country that was, to begin with, neglected by history itself. Anyone, however, who has observed our recent growth of interest in our Latin neighbors, accompanied by a vigorous new tourist-trade to Guatemala, could safely have predicted that someone would shortly remedy that neglect—though he could hardly have hoped that the remedy would come in the form of such a sound, comprehensive, and well-balanced survey as this present volume by Dr. Jones. Comprehensive it certainly is, for it treats of political, social, and economic development alike; in it public finances take their place alongside of popular diversions, constitutional problems alongside of Indian ethnography. As a bit of carefully organized scholarship it is superb, especially in view of the dearth of source-materials and the difficulty of getting at them.

L. J. H., Jr.

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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 9*)

yet somehow blending with my admiration for his work. He might have been less attractive personally without lessening that admiration, also I should have felt the same liking had he been the village grocer. You could not get away from Bunner.

I remember that first week-end he showed me a letter from some New York publisher who proposed to issue a volume—"Verses from the Humbler Bards." "Of course I'm humble," said Bunner, "but then, I'm not so *damned* humble."

He was a most enthusiastic "fan" about old New York, which was even then beginning to go, though it still lived with Bunner. I often try to picture him returning to the present city, the kick he would get out of it. Indeed how often I've regretted he couldn't have kept on, following the feverish growth. He could have done that better than anyone at all—much better.

And what an expertly quick workman Bunner was. On one occasion I caught him in action through a certain negligence of my own. The paper wanted some verses to fit a cartoon. As I recall, it celebrated the death of some public character and I had been told to give my editor due notice. I forgot to and the day came for going to press. I was horrified by my carelessness, made an anxious early-morning trip to Nutley, and allowed Bunner to see how fussed I was. But he wasn't fussed—not a bit. He sat down with me and in half an hour, dictating, had the obituary in impeccable verse. All in the day's work.

Sincerely yours,

HARRY LEON WILSON

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		1-E	2-R	3-A	4-C	5-K		6-M	7-B	8-Q	9-S		10-U		11-T	12-L
13-R	14-B	15-D	16-U	17-Q	18-O		19-W	20-L	21-E	22-R	23-S	24-X		25-C	26-F	27-J
28-B	29-D		30-C	31-I		32-E	33-S	34-W	35-Q	36-Y		37-A	38-G		39-B	40-G
	41-M	42-J		43-U	44-D	45-K		46-S	47-O	48-T	49-Y		50-K	51-P	52-N	
53-A	54-O	55-X	56-R	57-P	58-J		59-B	60-M	61-G		62-L	63-S	64-M	65-X	66-K	
67-Q	68-D		69-W	70-Y	71-V	72-L	73-N	74-X	75-R	76-C	77-E	78-H	79-K	80-J		81-H
82-L	83-A	84-P	85-B		86-C	87-I	88-M		89-S	90-T	91-V	92-E	93-P	94-O	95-J	96-G
	97-N	98-Y	99-W	100-I	101-Q		102-V	103-C	104-W	105-N	106-P	107-O		108-G	109-P	110-F
	111-O	112-Y	113-S	114-K	115-W	116-R		117-V	118-A	119-J		120-E	121-X	122-N	123-V	124-I
125-H		126-Y	127-H	128-U	129-B	130-C		131-J	132-C		133-D	134-A	135-V	136-Q	137-I	
138-U	139-F		140-B	141-A		142-U	143-O	144-W	145-L		146-C	147-D	148-U		149-S	150-N
151-O	152-L	153-V		154-Q	155-J		156-M	157-Q	158-N	159-R		160-F	161-K	162-U		163-Y
164-O	165-B	166-I	167-W	168-R	169-D	170-B	171-G		172-Q	173-U	174-I	175-H		176-H	177-B	178-L
179-G	180-J		181-M	182-U		183-X	184-T	185-V	186-C							

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Tumultuous.

B. Tending to accomplish.

C. Mediate (3 wds.)

D. Resembling the horse.

E. Gives new life to.

F. English dramatist (1674-1718).

G. Exclamation.

H. Asleep (playfully) (comp.)

I. Cash, money (colloq.)

J. Novel by S. Weir Mitchell.

K. Father of Samuel.

L. Cadenced.

M. Unprofitably.

N. Dilettante.

O. Contiguous.

P. Root; dig.

Q. Ungrateful.

R. Traditional descendants of Heth.

S. Gushing in speech or writing.

T. Crucifiix.

U. Powerless, feeble.

V. Impetuous, intense.

W. Venture upon.

X. Bequeath.

Y. Harbinger of summer.

WORDS

134	83	118	37	141	3	53				
7	39	14	129	85	165	177	170	140	59	28
76	30	186	25	86	146	132	4	103	130	
44	147	133	15	68	169	29				
21	120	77	32	92	1					
110	26	160	139							
61	38	96	171	108	179	40				
176	125	175	78	127	81					
100	87	31	174	166	124	137				
155	27	180	131	119	80	95	42	58		
45	79	5	50	114	161	66				
12	72	145	20	82	152	178	62			
181	60	64	156	41	6	88				
52	158	97	105	150	73	122				
151	107	111	164	143	54	94	47	18		
51	109	93	57	84	106					
101	157	154	17	8	172	35	67	136		
168	13	2	22	75	159	56	116			
9	89	149	23	46	113	63	33			
90	48	184	11							
173	138	142	128	16	162	148	10	182	43	
185	153	117	135	123	91	102	71			
99	115	144	34	104	69	167	19			
183	24	65	121	74	55					
163	49	70	98	36	112	126				

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE publishing trades, ever since the beginning, have always been a bit gaga on the fiscal side. They are hard to assimilate to less temperamental forms of traffic, because there have always been (and always will be) zealots who regard the privilege of reading books and magazines before publication as a kind of token money. But the queer pleasures and privileges of the publishing employee are mostly inedible. ☞In the conviction that some sort of reasonable uniformity of reward is possible, the Book and Magazine Guild is conducting a Salary Survey; this will be the first systematic study of wages in the publishing field. ☞Questionnaires obtainable from the Guild, 239 Fourth Avenue. We look forward with interest to their findings.

☞Old Q. learns with amusement (in the catalogue, *Bibles of Today,* from Mr. Rumball-Petre of 507 Fifth Ave.) that there is an edition of the Bible specially bound in "Law Library buckram, sheep style, with leather labels to conform to the usual appearance of law books." This is for lawyers, who would naturally be embarrassed by a Bible that could be recognized. ☞It costs $5, and we suggest it as an Easter gift for lovers of tort and delict. Sorry it isn't $4.90, which would be 70 times 7.

☞We didn't know until we read it in Lawrence Wroth's bibliography column (*Herald Tribune Books*) that some ruffian (faking letters of introduction from Middlebury College) managed to steal a First Folio Shakespeare from the Williams College Library. ☞The thief is described as slender, about five feet eight to ten, effeminate looking, with a pinchwaist jacket, swaying or willowy gait, white long-nap felt hat, eyeglasses with black ribbon. ☞The awful truth is, we have known several book reviewers who looked a good deal like that. ☞Misogynist that he is, Old Q. prefers to believe that the thief was actually a female in disguise.

☞In that prankish book *The Confessions of a Young Man* (now too much forgotten) George Moore remarked that Henry James once said to himself "I will write the moral history of America." ☞A good deal of that history is found, with rather too waggish comment, in *The Good Old Days,* a gleaning of the Sears Roebuck catalogues from 1905 to now, by David L. Cohn.

☞Every now and then our congressman sends us a list of the leaflets offered gratis by the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. These admirable publications do not often impinge upon literature, except in Leaflet No. 69, *Preservation of Leather Bookbindings,* and perhaps No. 149 on *Silverfish.* ☞But No. 1161 sounds appropriate to Old Q., it deals with *Dodder.*

☞We were pleased to hear from a correspondent with a tape measure that Quercus Giganticus on L. I., the huge red oak which Old Q. regards as his Family Tree, has a base circumference of 24 feet 4 inches; diameter 8 feet. Three feet from the ground, circumference 19 feet. Limb spread 136 feet. Estimated height 90 feet. ☞This seems to exceed the measurements of the white oak at Stony Brook, L. I., which several correspondents nominated as unsurpassable.

☞Oxford University Press notes that of the 100 famous books chosen by St. John's College (Annapolis) and recently illustrated in *Life,* 44 are available from O.U.P. ☞We enjoyed Granville Hicks's discussion of George Gissing in his *Figures of Transition* (Macmillan). The continuing interest in that uninspired but significant novelist always gladdens us.

☞One of the worst of recent novels has a *gaffe* which amuses us: it represents a literary lawyer celebrating January 1, 1920, by praising the works of "Gide, Joyce, Faulkner, Stein, Huxley, Proust, Pound, Eliot and E. E. Cummings." Most of these were unwritten, or unknown to American readers, at that date. ☞An interesting speculation on the probable strengths and weaknesses of English literature in the present century, written in the late nineties, was in the concluding chapter of Saintsbury's *19th Century Literature.* We take it for granted that few people outside colleges read Saintsbury; which is a pity. ☞Another fine critic, O. W. Firkins, believed that our present age was incapable of relishing fine poetry on account of "the intensity of our labor, the insalubrity of our climate, the opacity of our senses, the terrible omnipresence of that death-in-life known as organization." ☞The publication of William McFee's new book makes timely the bibliographical note on *Casuals of the Sea* in the latest catalogue of the Bennett Book Studios, 41 West 57 Street. They offer for $100 a first edition copy of *Casuals,* with the comment that it is "winning recognition as one of those extraordinary individual tours de force like *Human Bondage* or *The Old Wives' Tale.*" ☞The problem of the advertising pages included at the back of the English copies makes one of the pleasantest gambits for bibliographers. Ourself, we prefer our copy to that in the British Museum. ☞The war has revived the sale in England of what has been called "the noblest of all anthologies," *The Spirit of Man,* chosen by Robert Bridges.

☞An exceptionally interesting catalogue from Edgar H. Wells & Co., 602 Madison Ave., lists a MS letter from Sir Walter Forbes, fellow member with Dr. Johnson in the famous Club, recounting some of the controversy that followed the Doctor's account of his tour in the Highlands (in 1773).

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